The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October, *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling sailed with his family from Southampton on the 5th ultimo (August). He is now settled down for the winter in his Brattleboro' home, and is busy revising the new volume of poems which Messrs. Methuen and Co. are to publish in the early spring of next year, not October, as announced elsewhere.

Dr. George Macdonald has recently completed the MS. of a new story entitled 'Lilith,' which is written somewhat in the style of his 'Phantastes.'

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, the author of 'A Yellow Aster,' has practically completed the MS. of her new novel. It is entitled 'Children of Circumstance,' and will be published in the forthcoming autumn season, here, in America, and on the Continent.

Messrs. Charles Scribners' Sons have, we understand, purchased the American book rights of Mr. George Augustus Sala's forthcoming Autobiography. Mr. Sala has nearly completed his long-expected Cookery Book.

Mr. Anthony Hope has arranged with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome to write a series of short stories for publication in *To-Day*. They will probably run during the latter half of next year. Mr. Anthony Hope has recently completed another series, entitled 'The Chronicles of Count Antonio.' These will be published in the early part of next year in one of our monthly magazines.

A memorial volume on the recently, and prematurely, deceased Mr. J. M. Gray, the accomplished Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and author of the Life of George Manson and many other art monographs, is in preparation. It will be edited by Mr. Balfour Paul, Lyon King at Arms, and sketches will probably be contributed by Mr. Skelton, Mr. W. D. Mackay, Michael Field, and others.

We understand that a good deal of material has been prepared for the third volume of the 'Annals' of Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews. This volume, which like the two previous ones is in the hands of the Bishop of Salisbury and Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, will contain reminiscences of contemporary statesmen, ecclesiasts, and men of letters.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is still at St. Andrews, where he has been busy collecting material for his volume on that historic city and its environments, which is to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

A novel experiment in collaboration will be tried in the *Idler* shortly. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Eden Philpots, Mr. Barry Pain, and two others are engaged upon a story in five chapters. Each author is to contribute a chapter—Mr. Jerome the first, and Mr. Barry Pain the last; and each chapter is to have a separate illustrator. Among the artists engaged on this interesting "hash" are Mr. A. S. Boyd and Mr. Fred Pegram.

Mr. W. D. Latto, the revised copy of whose 'Tammas Bodkin' will be published soon by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is a native of Ceres, in Fifeshire. For some time he was a schoolmaster in Johnshaven, Kincardineshire; and he has filled the editorial chair of the *People's Journal* since its foundation in 1858. It was in this journal, more than thirty years ago, that he began a series of quaint sketches of Scottish life and character. Some of these were gathered into a volume many years ago, and over 30,000 copies have been sold.

The new *Revue de Paris* has secured as serials the next novels of M. Alphonse Daudet ('Quinze Ans de Mariage'), M. Paul Bourget ('Une Idylle Tragique'), and M. Ludovic Halévy ('Deux Jeunes Filles').

One of the warmest of the criticisms of Mr. Pater appears in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is also one of the most intelligent too, though it permits itself a good deal of exaggeration both on the critical and on the eulogistic sides, such as, "Parmi tous les écrivains anglais contemporains, depuis que Tennyson est mort et que M. Ruskin a cessé d'écrire, c'était le seul qui gardât le souci du style." In another exaggeration, however, there is a deep basis of truth: "Je crois bien qu'il était le seul des écrivains anglais qui n'incarnât pas absolument l'esprit français dans Voltaire et Béranger. Il avait été frappé, au contraire, de ce qu'il y a dans notre caractère national de sérieux, de passionné, de profondément poétique."

Mr. Max Pemberton, who has so ably edited *Chums* from its commencement, retires from his position in September to devote himself to literary work. Mr. Ernest Foster, the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, is the new editor of *Chums*. Mr. Pemberton, who has shown great power as a writer of stories for boys, will devote himself to work of this kind, and also to historical fiction.

The partnership hitherto existing between Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, the well-known publishers of

"The Bodley Head," Vigo Street, terminates this month. We understand that Mr. Mathews retains the present premises, and will carry on both publishing and secondhand trade. Mr. Lane will confine himself to publishing only.

Mr. J. G. Hyde, the author of 'The Royal Mail' and several other very popular works on Post Office matters, has recently completed the MS. of a new volume, to which he has given the title of 'The Post in Grant and Farm.' It will be published in the forthcoming autumn season.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are about to issue a translation of Princess Altièri's 'Mes Dernières Illusions,' which has had a very conspicuous success in France. The translator is Miss Euan Smith.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of Boston, are already getting into type a new Life of Whittier, which they are shortly to publish in the States. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. will issue the work simultaneously in this country.

Mr. J. B. Gilder, one of the editors of the New York *Critic*, expects to be in London during the latter half of September next.

Lovers of Mrs. Wiggin's 'Timothy's Quest' will be glad to hear that a new and fully illustrated edition of this book will appear during the forthcoming autumn season. The illustrations have been executed by Mr. Oliver Herford, a son of the Rev. Brooke Herford, a gentleman who is known on the other side of the water by the extremely clever illustrations which he has now for some time contributed to *Life*.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are about to issue a new and cheaper edition of Miss Annie S. Swan's popular story, 'A Bitter Debt.'

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden will publish towards the end of October a volume by Mr. Max Pemberton containing the "Jewel Mysteries," which have proved such a popular feature in the *English Illustrated Magazine* during the current year.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written a new short story, which he proposes to publish in the Christmas number of *To-Day*.

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. are about to include Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's 'A Gentleman of France' in their very successful Colonial Library.

Mr. Rider Haggard has recently purchased from Messrs. Harper and Brothers the entire stock, plates and interest, which they held in some fourteen of his novels. Mr. Haggard's authorised publishers in the United States will in future be the American house of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

We hear that a translation of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's 'Aunt Anne' will shortly appear in *Le Journal des Débats*.

Bookplate (Ex-Libris) collectors will be glad to hear that Mr. Coleman has at last begun the task of overhauling his vast stores of bookplates which he put aside many years ago, before the collecting of these articles was as popular as it is now. Probably this will add a number of plates to the lists now published.

Professor James Seth has completed the revision of the proofs of his new work, 'A Study in Ethical Principles,' which Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons will publish in the first week of September. Mr. Seth is Professor of Philosophy at the Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, and is a brother of the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University.

Since his return from Canada a week or two ago, Mr. Gilbert Parker has paid a visit to Lincolnshire. There are few novelists who travel so much as Mr. Parker, yet there are few who manage to get through such a large quantity of work.

The Edinburgh edition of Mr. Stevenson's works was bought up by the public almost as quickly as by the trade. One Edinburgh bookseller has informed us that his first order for two dozen copies had to be repeated almost immediately.

'English Episodes,' Mr. Frederick Wedmore's new volume of stories, will be published in October. The author is at present staying at Goathland, near Whitby.

Mr. George Moore's next novel will appear in *To-day*, not in *The Idler*, as stated in our last issue.

Mr. G. L. Layard modestly disclaims our statement that "the cleverest of the Queer Stories which have been appearing in *Truth* lately" are from his pen. We feel bound to respect his modesty, but if "lately" be extended only as far back as Christmas, 1893, the statement will not seem inaccurate to those who have read his collection of tales, 'His Golf Madness and other Queer Stories,' which were reprinted from *Truth*, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

"Hugh Haliburton" has been detained in Edinburgh seeing his new volume of verse, 'Dunbar up to Date, through the press. Besides this, the Pastoral Poet of the Ochils has two prose works in course of publication, viz., 'A History of Literature' for Messrs. Blackwood, and an edition of Scott's Verse for the Oxford Press.

A curious contrast between two distinguished men recently deceased. One evening, two or three years ago, in the fine library at Heath's Court, Lady Coleridge was showing her guests some photographs illustrating a tour which she had taken with her husband when on circuit. One of the places represented was the church—we forget at this moment where—which contains a tombstone with, for epitaph, the single word *Miserrimus*. Someone present referred to Wordsworth's lines on the subject, and Lord Coleridge—always a model of courtesy to his visitors—allowed himself to be persuaded to read the poem aloud. This he did, his fine voice aiding the effect, with an exquisite appreciation of the intentions of the writer, when he speculates as to the nature of that unnamed sorrow which gave one man a claim to be called wretched above all his fellows. Among those present was the late Mr. Jowett, and at the conclusion of the reading the first voice to break the silence was the reedy treble of the Master of Balliol, exclaiming, "Pooh, the man was a hypochondriac—that was all!"

Lovers of Charles Dickens' works will be interested to hear that there is still in the employ of the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Company the original of the character whom Dickens named "Lamps" in his story, 'Mugby Junction,' which appeared first as a Christmas number. He is the lamp-foreman at Tilbury (the original Mugby Junction), and is named "Chipperfield," though he generally answers to the name of "Chipper" on the line. Though practically past work now, he is retained in the service of the Company in recognition of his long service. He is very proud of the important part he plays in 'Mugby Junction,' and is always willing to talk with travellers about his association with Dickens, who was always very kind to him, but he is proudest of all of the copy of the story which Dickens himself presented to him, and which he can sometimes be persuaded to exhibit.

In 1868 there were published, under the title 'The Savage Club Papers,' two volumes containing contributions by Tom Hood, Artemus Ward, John Cargill Brough, Clement Scott, T. H. Escott, W. G. Gilbert, George Grossmith, Dion Boucicault, H. S. Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, Mortimer Collins, George Augustus Sala, G. Manville Fenn, and many others; and drawings by Gustave Doré, George Cruikshank, Harrison Weir, F. Barnard, Du Maurier, Ernest Griset, etc. We hear that there is in contemplation a new series contributed by the present members of the club, and that there is also a probability of a new edition of the very interesting earlier series, which is now very scarce and difficult to obtain. If the new volume is anything like as good as the old, it should have a very large sale.

"Printers' errors" are frequently amusing, and many have from time to time been chronicled. A proof-sheet of one of Landor's poems, printed in 'The Keepsake,' is before us, the concluding stanza of which reads:

> "Yes," you shall say, when once the dream
> (So hard to break) is o'er,
> "My love was very dear to him,
> My *farm* and peace were more."

This error seems to have angered the poet, for upon the margin of the leaf he has written: "Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor, *farm* instead of *fame* is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed, *My farm and peas ! ! !*"

'Letters on Socialism,' by William Morris, the latest addition to the Ashley Library of Privately Printed Books, is a volume which at the present time is certain to be received with considerable interest by those into whose hands the thirty-four copies (to which number the edition is limited) fall. The letters were addressed to the Rev. George Bainton, of Coventry, and have been printed with Mr. Morris's permission, though not upon his initiative.

The socialism contemplated is a wholly benevolent aspiration. Envy, hatred, and malice have no part in it, and the bomb-throwing industry, whether dictated by envy, hatred, and malice, or by sheer madness, is equally without the pale of even Mr. Morris's wide tolerance.

The letters are full of interesting passages, but the following, taken from the first, is all our space will allow us to quote:—

"Socialism is a theory of life, taking for its starting-point the evolution of Society; or, let us say, of man as a social being.

"Since man has certain material *necessities* as an animal, Society is founded on man's attempts to satisfy those necessities; and Socialism, or social consciousness, points out to him the way of doing so which will interfere least with the development of his specially human capacities, and the satisfaction of what, for lack of better words, I will call his spiritual and mental necessities.

The foundation of Socialism, therefore, is economical. Man as a social animal tends to the acquirement of power over nature, and to the beneficent use of that power, which again implies a condition of society in which every one is able to satisfy his needs in return for the due exercise of his capacities for the benefit of the race. But this economical aim which, to put it in another way, is the fair apportionment of labour and the results of labour, must be accompanied by an ethical or religious sense of the responsibility of each man to each and all of his fellows.

Socialism aims, therefore, at realising equality of condition as its economical goal, and the habitual love of humanity as its rule of ethics.

Equality as to livelihood, mutual respect and responsibility, and complete freedom within those limits—which would, it must be remembered, be accepted voluntarily, and indeed habitually, are what Socialism looks forward to.

But there would be few, if any, Socialists who would not admit that between this condition of things and our present Society there must be a transitional condition, during which we must waive the complete realisation of our ideal.

This transitional condition is what we Socialists of to-day believe will be gradually brought about in our own times. It will be brought about partly, we think, by the further development of democracy, and partly by the conscious attempts of the Socialists themselves.

You must not forget also that the Socialism of to-day, being like every vital movement a political one, that is to say, one that embraces the daily life of the *whole* people, is forced to look to the transitional period as a practical business. Doubtless there will be much trouble and blundering over the carrying of society into this stage; and that is why, I think, we may expect democracy, which has no longer any principles, nothing but a vague instinct pushing it on, to do something for us. We want the dying old system to make the experimental blunders for us so that the new order may set them right, which it can do because its action is based on principles."

The letters were written in 1888. In a note addressed to the editor (Mr. Thomas J. Wise) since the volume was put into type, Mr. Morris states that they are quite in accordance with his present views.

A correspondent who called upon Professor Nicolaas Beets in Utrecht recently, describes the author of the 'Camera Obscura' as a dignified and charming old gentleman, who converses in English well, and on all subjects entertainingly. The 'Camera Obscura' holds a unique position in Dutch literature. The *nom-de-plume* "Hildebrand" is said by the author to have been adopted by him without thought of a certain character of that name who (so the story runs) used to travel from Kermis to Kermis; but it might very well have been so adopted. In his book Beets travels all over Holland, noting the peculiarities of character and oddities of custom of its people, old and young. Like every other country, Holland has changed greatly in the last fifty years; and so the 'Camera Obscura,' although it can scarce be said to have a vogue among the present generation of Dutchmen, has an honoured place in every Dutch home, because of the intimacy of its picture of conditions of life that have passed away, and of its pure although colloquial style. The work has been added to from time to time. The first two editions (1839, 1840) contained less than half the chapters in the third (1851); and there have been additions to several of the further eleven editions which have appeared. In 1888 Professor Beets published 'After Fifty Years,' in which he cleared up references and expressions in his work which were dark to the present generation. Dr. Beets is a minister of the Nederlandsch Hervormde Kerk.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

Horæ. Heures a l'Usaige de Romme tout au long sans riens requerir, avec les figures de la Vie de l'Homme et la destruction de Hierusalem, lit. goth., printed upon vellum, within woodcut borders, with fine full-page woodcuts of the Passion, Massacre of the Innocents, etc., and illuminated initials, contemporary Lyonese binding, calf, the sides covered with fleur-de-lis, ornamental border and large centre ornament (Baptismal Register in French of Claude Moreau of Dijon, 1627-1711, on three leaves of vellum at end), rare. Paris, G. Hardouyn, 1509. £22.

Horæ deiparæ Virginis Mariæ Secundum Usum Romanum, plurisque Bibliæ figuris atque chorea lethi circumunitæ novisq. effiegibus adornatæ, etc., printed upon vellum, within woodcut borders of Bible subjects, Dance of Death, grotesques, etc., with fine full-page woodcuts of an unusual character, representing scenes in the Life of the Virgin, and the Passion, David and Bathsheba, etc., illuminated capitals, a beautiful and clean copy, bound in modern purple morocco, g. e. Paris, Th. Kerver, 1519, Dec. 5. £37.

Horæ. Heures a l'Usaige de Rome tout au long sans riens requerir, avec les figures de l'Apocalypse, printed upon vellum, lit. goth., within woodcut borders of hunting scenes, grotesques, vases of flowers, etc., 18 full-page woodcuts illuminated in gold and colours, and several smaller miniatures and illuminated initials, old German binding, oaken boards, covered in leather, the upper side elaborately tooled in ornaments of a leaden colour with an unicorn in centre, the underside covered with rude scroll and flower tooling in gold, with clasps, a curious specimen of XVIth century binding (from the Didot Collection). £20.

Horæ Beatiss. Virginis Secundum Consuetudinem Romanæ Curiæ. Septem Psalmi Pœnitentiales cum Letaniis et Orationibus, Græcè, printed in red and black, woodcut on reverse of title, blue morocco, plain line tooling, doublé with red, the insides elaborately gilt tooled in floreate and geometrical designs, with cartouche in centre, bound by Camille-Renard, a fine specimen of the binder's art, very rare. 12mo. Venet. Aldus, 1497. £25.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario, MS. on Vellum, written by a French scribe on 287 leaves of delicate vellum, every page is ornamented with borders of birds, insects, fruits and foliage, illuminated in gold and colours, bound in red velvet, with antique silver corners and clasp, thick 12mo. Sæc. xv. £51.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario, MS. on Vellum (83 leaves), of French execution, with 13 miniatures and every page ornamented with borders and letters illuminated in gold and colours, in good preservation, modern red morocco, with silk linings. Sæc. xv. £50.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario, MS. on Vellum, of Flemish execution, ornamented with 14 large miniatures, several small ones of Saints, initial letters and borders delicately coloured and heightened with gold, in good preservation, bound in red velvet, with antique silver corner-pieces and clasp. 16mo. Sæc. xv. £26.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, MS. on Vellum, French work of the early part of the 15th century, with 13 miniatures, and every page ornamented with initial letters and borders richly illuminated in gold and colours, on fine vellum, well preserved, except that a miniature representing the Circumcision is rubbed, blue morocco with gold tooling, and large silver clasp. Sæc. xv. £31.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario, MS. on Vellum (135 leaves), of French execution, richly ornamented with 15 full-page miniatures and 34 others of different sizes, initial letters, and on every page, except one, a border, all illuminated in gold and colours, old red morocco. Sæc. xv. £59.

Horæ Sanctæ Crucis, cum Officiis Sanctorum et Calendario, MS. on Vellum, written partly in Latin, partly in Flemish, towards the end of the 15th century, ornamented with 11 large miniatures, 26 small ones, and 14 initial letters, with Ex-libris of Beauharnais, old calf. Sæc. xv. £28.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario, MS. on Vellum, in ornamental stamped calf binding of the 16th century, with owner's name, "Jehan Mandrin," stamped on front cover (rebacked). Sæc. xv. £26.

Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cum Calendario dioecesis Leodiensis, Flemish MS. on vellum. Sæc. xv. £40.
[Valuable MS. from the collection of Professor Schraut of Leyden, decorated by a skilful artist with three large miniatures, forty-five initial letters, of which four are historiated, forty-eight borders and several capitals illuminated in gold and colours, rich and brilliant, delicately finished, shewing fertile imagination. Interesting also for the binding, which is original oak boards covered with stamped leather, in the centre a lamb and flag with inscription, above is an eagle displayed, below a lion rampant, in the four corners a baron's coronet. It has been rebacked, but is in excellent preservation.]

Investitione Sororum Ordinis S. Augustini (De) Cum Officiis, MS. on vellum (87 leaves), written in black and red, circa 1480, and bound in red velvet, on the cover is fastened a thick metal plate, gilt, of date circa 1200, representing Our Lord in glory with the symbols of the four Evangelists in relief, a rock crystal in each corner, in good preservation. Sæc. xv. £135.

Liber Missalis secundum consuetudinem sedis valentiæ cum Calendario, fine Spanish MS. on vellum, illuminated in gold and colours, the first page of the text being surrounded with an arabesque border, displaying the arms of the See of Valentia, supported by flying cupids, and also a miniature of the Annunciation, oaken boards, stamped leather. Sæc. xv. £200.
[Before the Canon of the Mass are two large full-page paintings, 30 centimetres in height by 20 in width, representing (1) Our Lord in Glory, (2) The Crucifixion, by an early Spanish artist who displays Flemish influences.]

Missale Romanum cum Calendario. MS. on vellum (234 leaves), of French work, with 20 miniatures, including a large one of a full-length figure of a knight, his head wreathed with laurel and holding a shield with the arms of Navarre, borders and numerous initial letters in gold and colours, in good preservation, old black leather. Sæc. xv. £55.

Missale cum Calendario. MS. on vellum, written in two columns with many initials in gold and colours, oaken boards, modern leather. Sæc. xiv. £37.

Missale Monasticum Secundum Consuetudinem Ordinis Vallisumbrosæ, printed upon vellum, in large gothic letters, in red and black, with musical notes, and woodcuts, 11 of the full-page woodcuts and 9 large initials beautifully and artistically illuminated in gold and colours, the arms of Vallæmbrosa painted on the leaf before the text, leaf of "Littero Dominicales" defective and mended; margins of 9 leaves at end mended; Colophon (a portion of the leaf only) mounted. L. A. Junta, Venet. 1503. £96.
[The copy formerly belonging to Henry IInd of France, bound in old red morocco, covered with gilt tooled interlaced scrolls, with fleur-de-lis, crown, and initial "H. H." in centre.]

Officium Beatæ Mariæ, cum Calendario, MS. on vellum, a very beautiful manuscript on choice vellum, written in blue and gold, with illuminated initials and borders, 12 leaves of Calendar in which Philibert Abbat is commemorated Aug. 20th. Against Feb. 25th is written "locus bysexti"; there are also 16 large miniatures by a North Italian artist whose style resembles that of the Veronese school, some of these appear to have been retouched, but otherwise the volume is in excellent preservation, modern red morocco gilt. Sæc. xv. £130.

Psalterium cum Calendario, Symbolo S. Athanasii, Litania, Officio S. Trinitatis aliisque officiis et Orationibus in Usum Sarum. Item alia Litania et Ave Maria (the xxv Joyes in English), MS. on vellum, with 8 borders and 9 initial letters illuminated in gold and colours, contemporary outline drawings of St. Christopher and the Infant Jesus, and the Holy Trinity on reverse of 1st and 2nd leaves; bound in russia by Baumgarten, with the Wodhull arms in gold on side, and in good preservation. Sæc. xv. £48.

Psalterium Davidis. MS. on vellum, with initial letters illuminated in gold and colours, oaken boards, leather, with clasps. Sæc. xiii. £32.
[Bound up with it are eight miniatures on vellum of a different quality. They represent the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Ascension, Our Lord in Glory, and at the end of the volume the Adoration of the Magi, the Flagellation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection. Possibly German work.]

Sermones et Homeliæ. Fine MS. on fine vellum (278 leaves), written by Don Peregrinus, monk of S. Justina, Padua, 1466, and illuminated with two miniatures, and many initial letters in gold and colours, very fine hand, bound in red velvet with 13 silver corner and centre pieces representing the figures and emblems of the Four Evangelists, the clasps being lost. In the centres are two nielli of the 17th century, representing a monk and a flying horse; enclosed in half morocco Solander case. £41.

T. J. WISE.

PRICES AT A RECENT BOOK SALE AT DUMFRIES.

Swan's Views of Lakes of Scotland. 21s.
Tom Brown's Works, 1744. 22s.
Gray's Elegy, 1751, 1st edition, bound with other pieces, cut edges. £18. Bought by local collector.
Kisses, by Joannes Secundus Nicolaius, 1778. 21s.
Barbou edition of Classics, 21 vols. 36s.
Leland's Antiquarii De Rebus Britannicus Collectanea, 6 vols., 1774. 27s. 6d.
Elzevir Terence of 1635. 2s. 6d.
Contes et Nouvelles en vers par la Fontaine, 2 vols., 1721. 20s.
Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1st edition, boards. 52s.
Le Gazetier Cuirasse ou Anecdotes Scandaleuses De La cour de France, 1771. 30s.
Orlando Furiosa, 5 vols., 1785. 20s.
Waverley Novels, 25 vols., cloth, 1879. 40s.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JULY 23 TO AUGUST 18, 1894.

Trade for the past four weeks has been, as was anticipated, very quiet indeed. There has been absolutely no feature in it, but at the moment of writing there is a slight indication of an improvement. This is probably due to booksellers having commenced to make up stock for the approaching school term. Foreign trade has been steady, and so far the war in the East has not affected business with China and Japan.

When the February report was issued an evening paper

took exception to the statement that the wane of the "shilling shocker" indicated an improvement in public taste. Such is nevertheless the case, as this class of work is rapidly disappearing, although it is difficult to lay the finger on that which takes its place. There is a slight return of the taste for short stories, which for a time has lain semi-dormant.

Considerable attention has of late been directed to the three-volume novel question. The first publication of 'Perlycross' and 'The Manxman' in the 6s. form is one outcome of the controversy. As the whole matter has (unfortunately) been made very public it is not necessary to discuss it here, nor is it within the scope of the report to do so.

The issue of books at net published prices still continues at about the same rate, and publishers are exercising considerable judgment in the selection of works sent forth in this way, but diversity of opinion exists in the trade as to the advisability of continuing it.

Until late years the principal technical treatises on many of our arts and manufactures, written in English, were published in the United States. Recently, however, there has been a marked advance in bringing out this class of work in England. This is believed to be owing to the great attention which, on the Continent generally, and in Germany particularly, is paid to technical education. The character of these works will be judged from the following list of a few of the subjects that are included:—

Woollen Manufacture.
Cotton Manufacture.
Dyeing.
Calico Printing.
Pattern-Making.
Ironfounding and Moulding.
Gold Milling.
Ore and Stone Mining.
Tanning.
Soap Making.
Scent and Perfumery.
Oils and Varnishes.
Gas Engines, etc., etc., etc.

The Border Edition of Waverley novels and the Temple Shakespeare are still in good favour. This is gratifying as every bookseller knows how frequently, from varying causes, a standing order for a series is cancelled.

The principal publications now in favour are included in the list appended. Many have previously been mentioned, but the demand continues, so that they cannot be omitted. 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' is as vigorous as ever, while the sales of 'Heavenly Twins' and 'The Prisoner of Zenda' show no abatement of their favour with the public. The list this month includes more works than usual in general literature, which seems to indicate either that the craving for fiction is waning, or that the wet weather has driven readers indoors.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
Heavenly Twins (The). By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Pembroke. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Story of a Modern Woman. By Ella H. Dixon. 6s.
Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. 6s.
Jungle Book (The). By R. Kipling. 6s.
Great War (The) in 1897. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Prisoner of Zenda (The). By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
Catherine II.: Romance of an Empress. 7s. 6d.
Mrs. Romney. By Rosa N. Carey. 2s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 10s. net.
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WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 28.—Home trade quiet. Foreign and colonial steady.
Aug. 4.—Trade at holiday low tide and absolutely featureless. Foreign a little better and colonial improving.
Aug. 11.—No change. Foreign decidedly better, with more activity in Australian market.
Aug. 18.—A slight improvement at end of week. Foreign and colonial still improving.

POETRY.

THE LAND OF MANY NAMES.

There is a place where no surprise
  Is felt at beauty, or true love tried.
  Hate cannot find the gate, nor pride.
There do the spring birds learn to sing
  And open their hearts as wide
    As the eyes
Of the meadows that wake in spring.

There the clouds of the golden skies
  Find their ruby. The white foam free
  Of the wave lives there in her maiden glee,
And no hand touches her white side, wild.
  The winds cannot hold what they see,
    For she flies
Like dreams from a waking child.

Dead lovers there, from the days of Troy,
  Attain the reward our hearts shall keep,
  Believing for them in twilight sleep,
The while, as maids at a child-birth wait,
  We stay till they call us to peep
    At their joy,
And find in their fate, our fate.

There, while wind through the garden sings
  Gently and low in the long sunbeams,
  They sleep between summer and trees and streams,
They love through their sleep from hour to hour,
  In beautiful crimson dreams
    Like the wings
Of the peace-giving poppy flower.

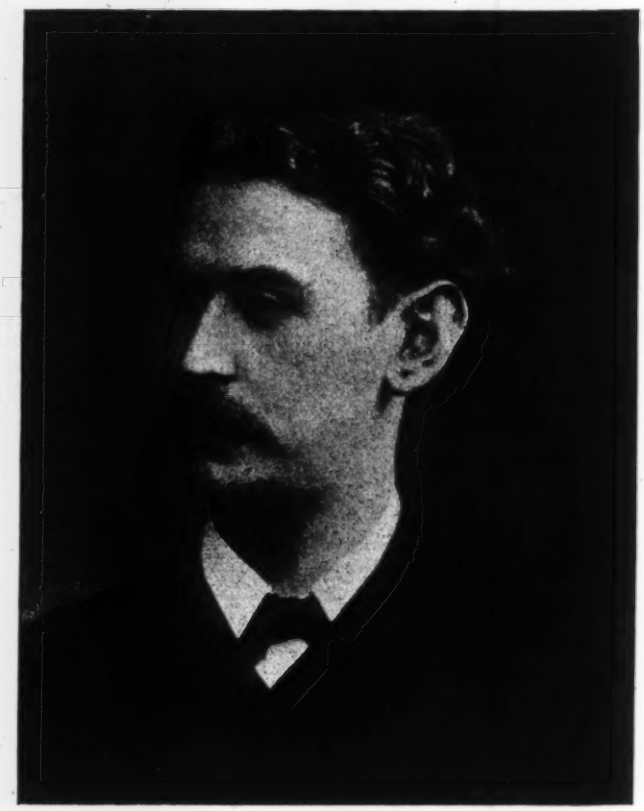
The watchman called it a Land of Rest,
  The lonely, a Land of Love, they tell,
  The weary, Eden, whence Adam fell.
But the old who wander the downward slope
  Deem it is Youth, knowing well,
    Dispossessed,
The Land of Eternal Hope.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. PERCY ANDREAE.

'STANHOPE OF CHESTER' is the most notable ghost story that has appeared for a very long time. Writers, or at least narrators, of such stories are often mere specialists, with few other faculties developed; they can thrill your nerves, but they have no power to enlist the interest of the intelligence or the heart. 'Lanoe Falconer' tried it, but the ghostly part of her tale was weak. 'Stanhope of Chester,' however, exhibits various talents. In the first place, it is distinctly original — owes nothing to tradition; and, secondly, it throws an important light on the habits of ghosts. At least, we can conceive a ghost of Mr. Andreae's kind. Philosophy and common sense have come in to aid him in making the weird a reality. As a narrative, too, it is brisk and vigorous; and its author, we are sure, is marked out for popularity.



Percy Andreae

His past history would not lead one to suppose his first success would be gained by a ghost story. Mr. Andreae received his early education at a private school in England, and was then sent abroad, first to Germany, in order to learn the German language. The knowledge of foreign languages was a point his father, who was a merchant, considered most important in the education of his children. Instead of returning to England when his time in Germany was up, Mr. Andreae obtained his father's consent to study abroad. For three years he pursued the studies of chemistry and natural sciences at the Polytechnicum at Hanover. After this he abandoned science for literature. He continued his university studies, however, for some years, both in England and abroad, devoting himself principally to philosophy, history, literature, and languages. His chief object was to master the German language. German poetry and the German drama had, and still has, a strong fascination for him; and it being his ambition to write both in German and in English, he first took up literary pursuits abroad. Here he wrote stories, articles, and poems for various papers, and was then for some time engaged as dramatic and literary critic on one or two North German papers. He also wrote and published five or six German plays, in verse and in prose, several of which were very favourably received in the press, and secured him some influential friends in the German literary world. These latter strongly urged him—he was then twenty-three—to read for a university degree, which he then did, subsequently taking the degrees of Ph.D. and M.A. in philology at the University of Berlin.

When he left Berlin Mr. Andreae contemplated giving himself wholly up to a university career. The success of his dissertation on the numerous extant manuscripts of Richard Rolle de Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience,' since acknowledged, both in England and in Germany, to have finally settled the much-discussed question of the original text of this monument of early Northumbrian English, together with strong private recommendations of well-known English and German philologists, brought him one or two offers of important editorial work in England. He decided, however, to return to his old literary pursuits, and, having now settled again in England, he wrote occasional articles for the German press, but devoted most of his time to writing in his mother-tongue. He wrote a few English plays, but, having no connection with the stage, and knowing from his experiences abroad the difficulty of making a first start in the dramatic line, he laid them aside, and after doing various kinds of literary work, editing and translating—*inter alia*, for an English publisher, the last two volumes of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg's Memoirs — he made his first attempt at an English novel with 'Stanhope of Chester,' published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. Mr. Andreae is quickly winning distinction as a writer of short stories of exceptional brightness.

THE READER.

THE POET LAUREATE OF SPAIN.

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE.

THE term Poet Laureate is not used here in the precise sense in which it is understood among ourselves. But the recent national recognition and coronation of the subject of our article as the pre-eminent Spanish poet of the time—an honour in which, in their day, Quintana and Zorrilla had preceded him—seems to justify our present application of the title.

In showing, as he has done,* his familiarity with the English poetry of the period, we fear that Señor Núñez de Arce has proved that he has the advantage of ourselves. At any rate, I have searched in vain for his name in the London Library Catalogue (1888); whilst I have been informed at the principal foreign bookshop in London that his books are not kept in stock and are in no demand. On the other hand, that his reputation is not confined to the Peninsula is amply proved by the fact that, within the space of six years, over eighty editions of his poems have appeared in the United States, Mexico, Chili and Columbia. It is high time, I think, that our indifference should terminate.

Gaspar Núñez de Arce was born at Valladolid, 4th August, 1834, and his early years were spent at Toledo. Our space does not admit of biographical detail, so it must here suffice to state concisely that he has been in his time journalist, Member of Parliament, Governor of a Province, Under-Secretary of State, and Minister of Foreign Affairs,—all of which, as one of his critics has remarked, when we regard him from the æsthetic standpoint, is of no very great significance. Nevertheless, it has its place in the history of the formation of the poet's character. "Deriving," as he does, from the great Quintana, he has deliberately chosen to regard the poetic art, not as an end in itself, but as an important influence in the education and civilisation of a nation. And hence, like Quintana, in his earlier period he sought his inspiration in public events. The author of the sublime ode, 'A la Invencion de la Imprenta,' was heir to the ideas of '89, and shared in the heroic inspiration of the War of Independence. But his disciple, less fortunate, was born to a far poorer heritage. Nevertheless, he performed with honour a leading part in the Revolution of September, was entrusted with the drawing up of the Manifesto of the 26th October, 1868 (in which the Provisional Government embodied its proposals for political reorganisation), and, as a member of the Constituent Assembly, took part in the calling of Amadeus of Savoy to the throne of Spain. The political outlook of the country seemed at that time fair enough, and high hopes were entertained for her future. Upon the disappointment to which these hopes were doomed it is unnecessary to enlarge. Suffice it to say, in the words of the poet himself, that the spirit of faction, once aroused, could not be laid; that revolutionary ardour degenerated into madness, and that after a succession of alternate excesses and degradations the country found itself at last delivered over to the mercy of military sedition and of the *coup d'état*. Such were the circumstances which called forth the most widely known of Señor Núñez de Arce's works, his magnificent 'Gritos del Combate' ("Shouts from the Battle"). Disclaiming, as he does, the possession of oratorical power, these "Gritos" were his contribution towards the effort to stay the tide of events, or to modify its direction. They are for the most part of the nature of fiery denunciations. For "progresista," or believer in Liberal ideas as he is, the poet had at no time allowed his judgment to become unsteadied by the new wine of revolutionary ideals. From the very first, the note of despondency is heard in his effusions. He himself acknowledged that his lyre lacks the cord of hope. And it is when cursing rather than when blessing, when wielding the branding-iron or the scourge of scorpions, in such poems as 'España,' 'La Duda,' or the splendid 'Estrofas' (dated April, 1870), that his muse is at her finest. The generous scorn and white-hot patriotic indignation of the last-named stanzas recall the Italian Giusti. Even more striking, perhaps, is the pictorial and dramatic 'Miserere.' The scene is the "Panteón" of the Escurial at midnight. An unaccustomed stir breaks the stillness of the crypt, and, with a steady hand half-opening its charnel-house, the ghastly death's-head which once bore the many crowns of Charles the Fifth peeps forth. "He strikes his fleshless brow in an effort to remember, like a man who wakes from dreaming and does not know where he is. He surveys the desolate scene, and raising the marble tombstone, leaps from the tomb—wrapped in his tattered shroud, but resolute, kinglike, still."

"Hola!" grita en són de guerra
Con aquella voz concisa,
Que oyó en el siglo, sumisa
Y amedrentada la tierra.
"Volcad la losa que os cierra!
Vástagos de imperial rama,
Varones que honráis la fama,
Antiguas y excelsas glorias,
De vuestras urnas mortuorias
Salid, que el César os llama."

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE.

Then, one after one, the kings of Spain burst their cerements and come forth from their graves. Philip the Second first, sedate, measured in his movements, and austere. His son, more careful of spiritual than of temporal duties, wakes and rises at his side. Philip the Fourth follows, who, "broken and humiliated," saw Spain crumble, "like a granite mountain assailed by shocks of earthquake." And then the "ailing monarch" (Charles II.), "of dark and unhappy memory, in whose age our national glory, like snow, melted away. Beneath the power of his sorcery, our country remains palsy-stricken to this day." The other kings follow, dressed for an hour again in mortal vigour and activity; and after the skeleton procession of the kings, as if rising to the call of the Last Trump, come trooping two and two, through corridor and cloister, soldiers and statesmen courtiers, favourites, churchmen, powers and principalities.

* 'Discurso sobre la Poesia,' delivered 3rd Dec., 1887. Remarks on Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne.

They pass decorously into the lighted Church; and there, to the pealing of the organ, a strange and mournful chant of desperation rises from the kneeling multitude. It is a mingled voice—the wail of those who have had their day, who have clung to superstition, loving darkness better than light, being mixed with a strain of warning to those for whom the sun still shines. "We were waves of an abounding river, but to-day the spring is dried." Then these "poor ghosts" fall to cursing the progress of enlightenment, which has cast such an unwelcome glare back upon their history.

"Maldito, maldito sea
Aquel portentoso invento
Que dió vida al pensamiento
Y alas de luz á la idea!

* * * *

Ya en el silencio profundo
Minguna injusticia muere
Miserere!"

But I can afford to linger no longer over the brilliant bizarrerie of this powerful Tract for the Times. I must now turn to the poems of the poet's later manner, in which, dating from the failure of the Revolution of September, the purely artistic takes the place of the political impulse. These consist of philosophical poems, idylls, and romances. And first among them comes the romance of "Raimundo Lulio" (1875). The story is that of the "Illuminated Doctor" of the 13th century, who, having fallen in love with a beautiful girl who was found to be afflicted with cancer, is traditionally said to have devoted himself with unheard of ardour to discovering a cure for the complaint. But the poet, altering the legend, drops his curtain, after a scene of the most voluptuous poetry ever written, on the discovery of the disease, and the death of the girl. Judged as an essay in Romanticism—a tale of passion after the manner of De Musset's "Rolla" or "Don Paez"—the poem, if perhaps a little belated, is of almost unexampled brilliancy. But when we are told that the passion of Raimundo is symbolical, and stands for the Pursuit of Knowledge for its own sake and at the expense of all else in life, and that the terrible disease which the fair vision bears unknown in her body represents Doubt—then our impression is grievously disturbed, as seems to me without compensatory gain. "El Vértigo" is to my mind the least successful of all its author's works. Beauty of versification, and art in the presentment of scenes, are present in all that he writes; but here we seem to be offered but the thankless choice between an unmotived story and symbolism unfathomable. Given out as a fragment, the poem might have had the effect of setting the reader's imagination to work to divine what had preceded the events which it narrates. But in its present form it is incomplete without justification. On a far higher level is "The Idyll," (September '79), a charming sketch of the love of boy and girl, springing up unconsciously about the hearth of a simple household in the country. The parting, when the lad goes to college, his return and the sudden realisation of love, the misunderstandings and moods of "fantastic sadness" which follow, and how he seeks the seclusion of a ruined feudal tower to brood upon his sorrow; then the catastrophe and the passionate declaration—all are touched off with a master's hand, in that key of wistful melancholy which belongs to memories of a happy youth. "La Pesca" (The Fishing) is a tale of conjugal love, devotion, and disaster, in the lives of simple fisher people. We should incline to assign it a high place among its author's works. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the easy grace with which he first paints his scene, and then brings his characters on to the stage, and allows them to develop their tragic drama. Compared with the simplicity, the manly tone and the truth of "La Pesca" "Maruja," the story of a little orphan waif, who is adopted by a childless countess, has for me a somewhat mawkish, or insipid flavour. But the reader has to remember that the poem is addressed to a Spanish, not a British, audience; that the development of poetry in the two countries has not been upon parallel lines, and, finally, that the "Humanitarian Movement" has not reached such a head in Spain as with ourselves. "La Ultima Lamentacion de Lord Byron," a fine declamatory poem, was recited with immense applause by the great actor, Calvo, at the Teatro Español. The English poet is represented on his last voyage to Greece, in 1823. He recalls the travels of his youth, and reflects on the world-weariness which has pursued him everywhere, on his domestic misfortunes, and so forth. Then, the vessel sighting Mount Penteli gives occasion for a magnificent apostrophe to the departed glories of Greece, leading on to a lament over her present fallen state, which in its turn gives place to a burst of impassioned sympathy with her efforts and aspirations towards national freedom. A stirring version of the story of the desperate heroism of the Suliote women, and the entrance of the ship into the harbour, bring the poem to an effective close. It is written in the metre of "Don Juan," but in other respects might almost be taken for a lost Fifth Canto of "Childe Harold." "La Selva Oscura" ("The Gloomy Wood"), and "La Visión de Fray Martin" ("Brother Martin's Vision"), are philosophical poems. The former is Dantesque. To the poet, wandering painfully in a gloomy wood, Dante appears, and whilst guiding him onward tells the touching story of life-long love which is commenced in the "Vita Nuova." Of course the poem is allegorical, Beatrice here personifying "that constant aspiration toward the infinite and the unknown which animates man, and lacking which his reason sinks to the level of a mere aimless force." "The Brother Martin" of the remaining poem is Luther. His soul, tormented by internal strife, is represented by the poet as becoming detached from his body and being conducted by an allegorical figure, which represents Philosophic Doubt, to the peak of a lofty rock. From thence he is shown a vision of the history of the human race, which culminates in a picture of the corruption of Rome after the Renaissance. The spectacle overwhelms him, and his companion seizes the opportunity to exhort him to shake off the yoke of Rome. This is the outline of the poem; but it has, of course, a pictorial and romantic side on which it is stronger—as is common in Señor Núñez's work—than the dramatic or philosophical side. Two other poems, "Hernan el Lobo" and "Luzbel" (Belial) are, I believe, still unpublished. From an extract from the latter which I have seen, I judge it to be in the poet's finest manner. Besides the above, Señor Núñez de Arce has written a number of plays, four of which, belonging to different classes of the drama, he has collected and published. The most notable is a tragedy, "El Haz de

Leña" ("The Faggot"—in allusion to the fires of the Inquisition), in which he deals from an historical point of view with the subject which Schiller treated fancifully in his "Don Carlos." But the poet's dramatic writings form the less distinctive portion of his "*œuvre*," and in a notice brief as the present must be passed with mere mention.

I have followed the detailed descriptive method so far, as that best suited to a poet whose works are in this country, unfortunately, almost unknown. But a few words of general and special criticism are necessary to the completion of even such an imperfect sketch as I have here been able to attempt. In politics, as has been shown, Señor Núñez de Arce holds the views of a Moderate Liberal, or as we should now say in this country of a Conservative. As a philosopher, amid the general overturning of systems, religious and moral, he clings persistently—it may be instinctively, but it would be the height of injustice to say blindly—to a Transcendentalism which nowadays many people would call old-fashioned,—affirming whenever opportunity occurs his belief in the personality of the Deity, in the unchangeableness of the moral law, the rights of conscience, the responsibility of the human being, and the absolute necessity of an Ideal which shall act, so to speak, as the salt of life and preserve it from corruption.

But a few lines remain for considering the purely artistic side of Señor Núñez's character; but that, after all, is the side least open to difference of opinion. For, in one word, it is as a blameless ("*impeccable*") poetic artist that he is really great. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of Spanish literature, has the stately and sonorous Castilian language found a worthier wielder. To speak of his style as to the last degree chastened, as scholarly, as recalling the style of Tasso, would be natural, but would convey an erroneous impression. For, though all this it is, the impression left upon the reader's mind is not one of scholarliness, correctness, or refinement, but of nature—of spontaneity, limpidity, and ease. The last triumph of the art of language seems, in fact, to have been achieved. (That some isolated "thin" or laboured passage might with search be discovered, of course I do not deny. To be flawless one must be niggardly, and Señor Núñez is not *that*. I am speaking of general characteristics.) In pure technicalities, his poems are exemplars of the principal Spanish metrical forms. It is acknowledged that "Raimundo Lulio" restored the *terza rima* to its place among the dignified metres of Spain. The *decimas* of "El Vértigo" have turned the attention of scores of imitators to the "*metro del pueblo*." The *versos sueltos* of the "Visión," in the opinion of a distinguished critic, prove their author to have thoroughly mastered the laws of that most difficult of metres. Whilst of the sestetts of "The Idyll" and other poems—a metre of the rarest beauty—I believe the poet to be practically the inventor.

I have perhaps already, at the beginning of this notice, said enough to show that the national life has worked itself into Señor Núñez de Arce's poems. But it is also true that his poetry has worked itself into the national life, and will do so more and more, as we may safely prophesy, as time goes on. Throughout his poems are to be found passages, capable of being detached, which deal with such subjects of primitive and eternal interest as, for instance, the labour of the fields, bereavement, the love of husband and wife. These passages are especially remarkable for the extraordinary simplicity shown in the selection of detail. Just what everyone has thought a score of times seems to be here expressed. But as every quality has a particular danger to which it is exposed, of course the dangers in this case are the commonplace and the conventional. And it is just here the poet's consummate art steps in and saves him. What he has said on these subjects is expressed once for all, and can scarcely fail to become a part of the language. As an instance of exquisite beauty attained in an opposite kind of poetry, I would name a certain passage from the "Visión." The body of Luther has just fallen prostrate in a trance, and the freed soul is about to follow its aërial guide. But, by an abrupt change of key—one of those bizarre shiftings of the current of interest of which only genius has the secret—in the very act of taking flight the soul turns, with a rush of pitying sympathy, to apostrophise the fallen body, the mortal companion, the much-suffering, the uncomplaining. The soul is free, but it is not without pain that the fellowship of so many years can be dissolved:

"Oh frágil
Y deleznable arcilla donde mora
El alma contenida, mas no esclava!
Cómo dejarte sin pesar?"

It is the converse of the Emperor Hadrian's address. None but a poet of the rarest gift could have designed and executed the passage.

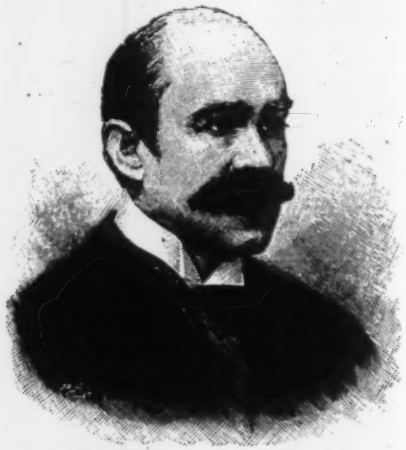
GEORGE DOUGLAS.

A NOTE ON WALTER PATER.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE personality of Mr. Pater is somewhat of a vexed question. Until recently he had a house in Kensington where he used to spend a large part of the year, living there sometimes for several days in each week, even in term time. But he was not a familiar figure in London society. He was averse to being lionised; literary salons and the crowded haunts of the illustrious obscure knew him not. Even in such a recognised centre as the Savile Club he was rarely or never seen. Occasionally Walter Pater was to be met wandering with slow and heavy tread through the Greek galleries at the British Museum, pondering thoughtfully over his beloved Elgin Marbles, and methodical as ever, making careful notes of any new idea called up by the fair forms of the ideal youths around him. There were various churches noted for their elaborate services where he might sometimes be seen. But as a rule he had to be sought out in his home in Kensington. In Oxford, by reason of its compactness and small size, he was a far better known figure. In appearance he was the very reverse of what the enthusiastic student fresh from reading 'Marius' had imagined. Oxford is noted for its laxity in the matter of dress, and in that home of learning the only class ever known to wear a silk hat nowadays are the college servants. It does not therefore sound a very distinct compliment to Mr. Pater to say that he possessed the most spotless and best brushed hat in the whole of that city. Precise in everything, he was in dress neatness itself. And his walking attire to my knowledge never varied. Nearly every day,

about five in the afternoon or a little later, he might be seen walking out of Brasenose always in top hat and Chesterfield overcoat without stain or wrinkle. With heavy and laboured tread he would proceed down the High Street, at times looking into the picture shops, and turning eventually into the Union Library. His eyes were always on the path in front of him. To many of the senior men, the Dons returning from their two rounds of golf at Hinksey, or coming up from the Christ Church meadows stained with mud from the exciting game of hockey, he must have been known personally, perhaps intimately. But never by word or glance did he betoken that the street contained for him anyone save absolute strangers. His was hardly the appearance of the absent-minded and abstracted man; it was rather that of the tired pilgrim, wending towards a serious goal and not to be disturbed by thoughts of anything else. Thus to those outside his own college he was little more than a name, and even within the walls of Brasenose there were few who could truly say that they knew him well, that they had penetrated



THE LATE MR. WALTER PATER.
Photographed by] [*Messrs. Elliott & Fry.*

beneath the surface and found what manner of man they had to deal with.

One must not gather from the foregoing words that he was totally self-absorbed, either unable or not caring to exert any influence over the young men, his pupils. The very reverse is the case. No man ever came into the presence of Mr. Pater without feeling a certain spell come over him. When you entered his rooms, draped in a delicate harmony of blue and yellow, filled with beautiful engravings and books, and with here and there a piece of pale Della Robbia work of Florence, you seemed to have to shut behind you the door of the outer world. You had entered a room which fulfilled entirely Balzac's adage as to the influence a man has on his abode, and conversely the abode on its owner. This was a room with a stamp, an atmosphere all its own. Half rising from the armchair or cushioned window-seat, Mr. Pater would motion you to sit down, listen politely to what you had to say, and converse with you in low, even tones, that gave a soothing hush to his presence. Whether or not it was his voice that acted like a spell and rivetted your attention on what he had to say, filling you with a kind of awe, certain it is that over those who had it in them to come under his influence, that influence was very real. I do not for a moment wish to affirm that Walter Pater was the heaven-born teacher. As a leader and moulder of youth, he could not—to confine ourself to modern instances—bear comparison with Jowett or Hill Green. He could never have sent forth a body of militant workers, imbued with his spirit, as did Arnold, or gather round him a band of devoted disciples, like Newman. He had not a sufficiency of that sympathy with, or insight into, the ideas and habits of men below him. The inspired leader can always meet his follower half way; he divines the difficulties which oppress him, however trivial, however commonplace—and this, it seems to me, Walter Pater was always striving to do, without success. His manner on making your acquaintance for the first time was meant to set you at your ease, but this it never wholly did. Men would come to him burdened with intellectual and moral difficulties, fencing eagerly for an opening and striving to "draw out" Walter Pater on subjects whereof he was past master. But he usually declined flatly to be "drawn out." He would talk of anything else but his own subjects. He would discourse of whither he had travelled and what he had seen, but it was with a half-apology for his interest in Gothic churches and beautiful scenery, and he always spoke as if with the assumption that these things could have but little interest for his audience. Only on very rare occasions would he open out and suggest lines of thought and study that he would have his pupils follow. Whether from diffidence or not, he would not assume the dictatorial mood so necessary at times to a leader of youth, and make a definite pronouncement on the course he desired his hearer to adopt. But when he did so, it was with a real sympathy, and also with the certainty of the trained mind. Recently an instance came to my notice. A man of promise and of partial performance had called to have his essay looked over, and Walter Pater took upon him to lay down the law as to what course of intellectual training the undergraduate was to follow for the next two years. His tastes were exactly those that Walter Pater would naturally most approve of—poetry, art, and particularly Greek sculpture. But it was evident to Mr. Pater that a prolonged course of such study would take from his pupil all backbone and nervous force. "What you must apply yourself to," he said, "is a hard mental drill. You must give yourself up to history and *prose*. For a time, at least, poetry must be banished from your shelves. What you want is grip, exactitude. Your mind needs strengthening all round. To continue to live on a diet of Shelley would make you limp and useless." Such advice could not have come from a self-absorbed man. Exact and laborious scholar though he was, the prose side of life, the *sermo pedestris*, was distasteful to Mr. Pater, and it needed insight of no common order to make him bid a youth with a keen sense of beauty to turn his attention from those things that to outward seeming were "more excellent." And it is a fact that such advice was received and acted upon gladly and with gratitude. But, indeed, at no time was Walter Pater so dead to the concerns of the outer world as he seemed. Whether the apocryphal story be true or not, that he had been known to take a keen interest in a University election, it is certain that his eyes were tolerably wide open to what was going on around him, and this although he was known to profess

on one occasion a naïve ignorance as to the nature of an athletic feat, whereby an undergraduate had just broken a world record, and though he seemed to live outside the college life. When one of his scholars, hitherto of irreproachable reputation, showed a tendency to idleness and rowdyism, Walter Pater pulled him up sharply. "You have a very good character," he said, "and you are doing your best to ruin it." And such rebukes were all the more stinging from their rarity.

Still, as I have hinted above, he was a man who had lost touch with the world early in life, and was always striving to regain that contact. So retiring, so reserved was he that even in Oxford, that home of scandalous tales, nothing was ever remembered or known against him, save the fact that he was one of those men whom Freeman absolutely refused to meet. But the quaint humour of the late Regius Professor afforded many other ways of explaining such a prejudice than by supposing anything to Mr. Pater's discredit. Possibly he had had a disappointment early in life, but of that we know nothing and have heard nothing.

Of all Mr. Pater's characteristics none was so marked as his love for exactitude, for distinction. Just as he has himself declared that he cannot away with the otiose and the facile in thought, so he had no leanings to the madness which marks much of the Decadence. He might himself live in—

> "Closet long to quiet vowed
> With mothed and dropping arras hung,"

but in matters æsthetic his sympathies went out towards the larger and freer utterances of Plato and Shakspeare. He preferred the open air of the banks of the Ilissus or the Forest of Arden to the heavily perfumed chambers of the Neurotic School. When some one once tried to convince him of the surpassing excellence of Huysmans and his style, Pater's only criticism was "Beastly man!" If he wandered far and wide among the byways of literature and art, revivifying the dying Roman Empire and creating strange exotic figures out of the Middle Age, he yet kept always before him a sane and healthy criterion, and was guided by an unerring judgment in matters æsthetic; for he had formed himself upon the great masters of speech and form, and they did not permit him to be led astray.

And what, after all, was Walter Pater's message to his age? He had given it to the world in the early chapters of 'Marius the Epicurean;' he uttered it again but a few weeks before he died. Someone in his company, with remnants of ill-digested Positivism yet strong upon him, had asserted that men lived by the memory of the great names *du temps jadis*, such names as Cæsar and Leonardo, and that it was by the study of their deeds and sayings that one acquired strength of character. But Walter Pater struck in strongly: "No, that should not be your ideal. Men who lived in times past, however great, cannot be to you what those around you can be. You should learn," went on Walter Pater, playing nervously the while with the cigarette box, "you should learn to live in the men and women of your own immediate surroundings; their words, their looks, their very dress should be to you the thing that really absorbs your interest. Learn to live in and with your *entourage*, so that it may become to you vivid and real. To be alive to every influence around you is better far than the example of anyone in the past, however great." This was only another way of expressing the ideal that Marius set before himself, "to be perfect with regard to what is here and now," only a re-statement of the conclusion of his "Renaissance." If Walter Pater possessed anything so *bourgeois* as a mission or a message, assuredly this is what it was—philosophy interpreted by one's fellow men. "Philosophy without effeminacy," was the boast of Pericles concerning his native city. "Philosophy by and through a love of youth," was the reply and corollary of Plato, and this or something very near thereto was the conclusion of his loving interpreter of our own day, Walter Pater.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

V.—Her Reception in Scotland and the Difference in Religion.

IT is quite certain that Mary arrived in Leith on the 19th of August, 1561; yet Lesley, Spottiswoode, and Calderwood give the 20th of that month; Buchanan and Pitscottie, the 21st; and Sir James Balfour retains her at Calais until the 18th of September. Birrel gives the true date, accompanied by the strange statement that she "wes stollen out of France by certaine lordis." Lamartine is right too in the date; but unaccountably adds, that it was "the very day on which she completed her nineteenth year," although he had previously said that she was born in December! Castelnau prolongs her voyage to the eighth day; Causin makes her arrive "suddenly in her kingdom, as if she had flown through the air." According to Chalmers, "she remained on board her galley till the evening"; according to David Laing, she "landed on the following day." Such are a few of the discrepancies concerning one of the simplest events in Mary's life.

From the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' it appears that she arrived in Leith Road in the morning, landed at ten, and rested a short time in "Andro Lambis hous," before she "wes convoyit up to hir palice of Halyrudhous." These statements are borne out by other authorities and by contemporary letters. The nobles, magistrates, and others had been warned to be in Edinburgh to receive her by the last day of August; but the cannons of the galleys soon brought out a multitude of people on the morning of the nineteenth. The enthusiasm of her reception is vouched for by writers of all shades—by such as Knox and Buchanan on the one hand; by such as Lesley, Herries, Causin, and Castelnau on the other. Mixed motives are attributed to the nobles by Buchanan and Herries; and the latter observes that the affection of the people "is lyke a cock upon the top of a steeple, it turnes which way the wind blowes, and is never long fixt."

The staid Scots did not confine their expressions of welcome to crowding and gazing. "Fyres of joy," says Knox, "war sett furth all nyght, and a cumpany of the most honest, with instrumentis of musick, and with musitians, geve thair salutationis at hir chalmer wyndo. The melody (as sche alledged) lyked hir weill; and sche willed the same to be contineued some nightis after." If Mary appreciated the melody, the gay Brantome, who came in her train, certainly did not. He complains bitterly that, when she wished

to go to bed in the evening, five or six hundred knaves of the town came under her window, with wretched fiddles and small rebecs, and sung psalms so badly and out of tune that nothing could be worse. Yet there need be no scruple in rejecting Father Forbes-Leith's hyperbole—"To close her eyes, during the first three nights of her abode in her own palace, was impossible, in consequence of the diligent zeal with which the unwearied psalmodists continued their nocturnal chorus."

The first cloud speedily appeared on the horizon. As the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' has it, the Lords of the Congregation were "grittumlie annoyit" at Mary's causing mass to be said in the chapel of Holyrood House, on the first Sabbath after her arrival. Until that morning, there was, says Knox, nothing save "myrth and quyetness"; but the ominous preparations pierced the hearts and loosened the tongues of the faithful, who exclaimed, "Shall that idoll be suffered agane to tack place within this realm? It shall not!" The Master of Lindsay, the Fife gentlemen, and others cried out in the court-yard, that the idolatrous priest should die the death. The servant who carried in the candles was "evill effrayed." Buchanan and Spottiswoode explain that one in the crowd seized and broke the candles; Lord Herries says that a fellow pulled them, and some other altar ornaments, from the bearer "and trode them in the myre." No Frenchman or Papist ventured a whisper in defence of the service; but the Lord James—"whom all the godlye did most reverence"—took charge of the chapel door and kept the vehement Protestants outside. Within were few except Mary's uncles and her household; yet, according to Randolph, the celebrating priest was almost overcome with nervous fear, "when he had his god at the highest." After the service, he was convoyed to his chamber by two Protestants, the Lord John and the Lord Robert, natural brothers of the Queen. In the afternoon great companies of the people went to the Abbey, and made it known that they could not abide the re-introduction of the mass. Forbes-Leith and Bellesheim's translator add embellishments, which are utterly unsupported by the authorities they name. They might have produced a more legitimate effect by pointing out the somewhat remarkable coincidence, that this comedy occurred on St. Bartholomew's day, eleven years before the tragedy which has for ever rendered that day memorable.

The results of this Scottish St. Bartholomew's—when royal wax-candles were sacrificed uncanonically—were immediately apparent. Next day Mary issued a proclamation declaring that she intended, as soon as convenient, with the advice of her Estates, to take a final order—which she hoped would content all—for pacifying the difference in matters of religion; and meanwhile—to prevent tumult or sedition—charging her lieges "that nane of thame tak upoun hand, privatlie or oppinlie, to mak ony alteratioun or innovatioun of the state of religioun, or attempt ony thing aganis the forme, quhilk hir Majestie fand publict and universalie standing at hir Majesteis arrivall in this hir realme, under the pane of deid;" and further commanding, by advice of her Privy Council, "that nane of thame tak upoun hand to molest or trouble ony of hir domestic servandis or personis quhatsumevir, cumit furth of France in hir Grace's cumpany at this tyme, in word, ded, or countenance, for ony cause quhatsumevir, either within hir palice or outwith . . . . under the said pane of deid." In his Introduction to the first volume of the 'Register of the Privy Council of Scotland,' Hill Burton has conclusively shown that this Proclamation is genuine. He is in error, however, in saying that it is not to be found in Keith's 'History,' as it occurs in both editions. When the Proclamation was first made at Edinburgh, Arran publicly protested against the Queen's servants being allowed, under its shelter, to say, participate in, or defend the mass. Mary re-issued this Proclamation on various occasions, and on the 23rd of May, 1567—eight days after her marriage with Bothwell, "hir derrest husband"—she refers to it, in a Minute of Privy Council, as having, more than anything, nourished the public quietness, and kept her subjects in due obedience.

Indignant as the Lords of the Congregation were at Mary's first mass, her blandishments soon took the "fyre-edge" off their zeal. Next Sabbath, Knox, "inveighing against idolatrie," said—"that one messe (thair war no mo suffered at the first) was more fearful to him then gif ten thousand armed enemyes war landed in any pairte of the realme, of purpose to suppress the hoill religioun." But those who were then guiding the Court mocked his fear as unfounded, and his warning as "a verray untymelie admonitioun." Before Mary left France, Throckmorton understood that she regarded Knox as the most dangerous man in her realm, and that she was determined to banish him, or else assure her people that she would not dwell in the country while he was there. Now she sent for the uncompromising Reformer, and he has preserved a graphic account of this their first interview. With him, there was no toleration of evil; no dubiety as to "the Quenis Kirk" being "that Romane harlot"; no hesitation as to the right of the people to deprive their princes of the sword, when in blind zeal they would murder God's children. With her, it was a grievous fault that he had taught the people a religion the princes could not allow; nor could that religion be of God, seeing He commands subjects to obey their princes. With her, there was no doubt as to the Kirk which she ought to nourish—not that of Knox, but that of Rome—as "the treu Kirk of God."

It was at this time that Randolph assured Cecil that the voice of Knox was able in one hour to put more life in them than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in their ears. And yet, with all his sternness and remorseless logic, so anxious was he for, the public peace, so loath to offend the leaders of whom he had formed a good opinion, that, instead of encouraging the zealous "to put thair handis to the Lordis work," he endeavoured "to slokin" in them "that fervencye that God had kyndled." Within a few weeks he was accusing himself that he "did not mor zelouslie gainstand that idol at the first erecting;" and afterwards he acknowledged that in this he had "done most wickedlie."

In this first encounter with Knox, Mary learned something of the difficulties which stood in her way. He, too, formed an opinion of her—an opinion which he never relinquished—"If thair be not in hir a proud mynd, a crafty witt, and ane indurat hearte against God and His treuth, my judgment faileth me." According to Randolph the interview was on a Tuesday; but it is not clear whether he

means the Tuesday before or the Tuesday after the sermon on idolatry. If on the Tuesday after, then that day she received confirmation of Knox's influence, as she made her public entry into Edinburgh. No doubt the burning of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram could be interpreted to suit either party; and Randolph says that the intended burning of a priest, in the act of elevating the host, was abandoned to please Huntly; but Knox and Herries agree in saying that the speech, which accompanied the presentation of the Bible and Psalm-book, was distasteful to Mary; and the 'Diurnal' bears that "the bairneis," who were in the cart with the city's costly "propyne," made "some speitche concernyng the putting away of the mess, and thairefter sang ane psalme."

In evidence of Mary's tolerant intentions, her statement to Throckmorton—two months before her return to Scotland—is aptly quoted, "The religion that I profess, I take to be most acceptable to God, and indeed neither do I know, nor desire to know, any other. . . . I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but would wish that they were all as I am; and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me." Throckmorton heard, however, that she had been advised by the King of Spain to temporise in matters of religion, until he succeeded in his affairs with the Turk and the siege of Oran. Sir James Melville relates that D'Oysel, and other Frenchmen who had lately returned from Scotland, encouraged her with the hope of the English succession, pressed her to serve the time, and to accommodate herself discreetly and gently to her own subjects, to be most familiar with the Lord James, Argyll, Lethington and Grange, and "to repoise maist upon them of the refourmed religion." This exactly agrees with what Randolph wrote nineteen days after her arrival—"She herselfe hathe founde three poyntts necessarie to mayntayne her state; fyrst, to make peace with England; next, to be served with the Protestantes (in the other [*i.e.*, the Papists] she fyndethe not that that she looked for); the thyrde is to enryche her crowne with the abbye landes."

Her co-religionists certainly gave her credit for desiring to restore the old faith. The narrative compiled by Count Stefano Angarani, as printed in the 'Calendar of Venetian State Papers,' bears that "the Queen returned to Scotland, believing that, by her presence and with her authority, she might tranquillise and appease the civil troubles, and restore to some extent the Catholic religion and rites of the Church;" but "the Queen, being thus alone in the hands of the heretical barons, did not dare to attempt any movement in favour of the true religion." A laudatory account of Bishop Lesley and his services, sent to Clement VIII. and to Philip of Spain, bears that he attended Mary to Scotland "in hope of the Catholic religion being restored in that kingdom by her authority and diligence." And Lord Herries explains that that religion "had got such a blow, that it was not now in the Queen's power to sett it again in that posture that the Queen desyred; whereupon she was perswaded to give way to the suppression."

With the Dauphin, Mary had set forth to the Pope the difficulties of her mother in Scotland, and entreated his Holiness to take the requisite steps for establishing order, restoring the Roman Church, and suppressing false doctrine in a kingdom distracted by religious dissension. On the 24th of July, 1562—eleven months after her return—Mary had a secret interview with Nicolas de Gouda, a legate of the Pope. De Gouda's report has been edited by Forbes-Leith, who, with his characteristic contempt of facts and chronology, has confounded this visit with that of Morette, the Ambassador from Savoy, in the previous December. In giving "the substance of her reply" to his message and to the Pope's brief, De Gouda says, "She hoped the Supreme Pontiff would have regard to her ready will rather than to anything she had actually done since her return, and much wished that his Holiness could have seen the condition in which she found her kingdom. She herself, and the other adherents of the orthodox religion, had been obliged to do many things which they did not like, in order to preserve the last traces of the Catholic faith and worship in the country. The Pope exhorted her, in defending the faith, to follow the example of Queen Mary of England, now departed in Christ; but her position, and that of her kingdom, and of the nobility, was, unhappily, very different from that of the English Queen." Mary afterwards wrote to Pius IV. that it had been "ever our intention, since our return to this kingdom, to employ, as we have done, our studies, thoughts, labour, and manners, such as it has pleased God to give us, in bringing back to the truth our poor subjects, whom we have with the greatest displeasure found to have wandered from the good path, and to be plunged in the new opinions and damnable errors which are now prevalent." She also expressed the hope that all her subjects would be made to "worthily acknowledge the holy Roman Catholic Church, in the obedience of which we desire to live your most devoted daughter. To which end we shall spare no effort in our power, even life itself if need be."

Perhaps the Duke of Parma's standard—"implicit belief cannot be given to all that is said by a great prince"—should be applied to Mary's letter; but if the Pope held, like Mr. Skelton, that one of her distinguishing characteristics was a "fine natural sincerity and directness," he no doubt understood from her words that she had gone back to Scotland "with a purpose fixed as the stars" to undo—if not "to trample down"—the Reformation as best she could.

D. HAY FLEMING.

NEW BOOKS.

MEDIÆVAL GERMANY.*

Here is another example of the imprudent courses into which our younger and more enthusiastic students run when they neglect to take counsel of older and wiser heads than their own. Their instinct is to get up a subject with praiseworthy industry, to compile abstracts of the best and latest authorities, and then to piece together the whole of their notes in a continuous narrative. They have not learnt how to omit, and cannot bear to waste their material. Moreover the last stage in their work comes so easy to them—so fatally easy; their pens discourse the fate of empires with the same careless facility which we reserve for a gossipping letter; they waste no time on making their meaning clear, much less in making it the very clearest and the most convincing; a few magniloquent passages here and there are supposed to relieve the general monotony of commonplace and slipshod style. But where experience or advice are most needed and most rarely resorted to is in the choice of subject and

* 'A History of Germany in the Middle Ages.' By Ernest F. Henderson. (George Bell and Son.)

method of treatment. They write—and it seems ungracious to blame them—what they want to write, not what we want to read. It is not enough to descry a gap in the library catalogues where a new book may be squeezed in; a great deal of anxious thought and a great deal of good advice are required before one decides the precise form which the book is to take. Here it is that Mr. Henderson has missed his opportunity. Even a moderately good, unpretending History of Mediæval Germany would have been acceptable just now. For a continuous narrative we are still dependent on translations of laborious, dry, and rather obsolete German books, which, combined, leave far less impression than Hallam's one short but masterly chapter. Milman dealt with some ecclesiastical and biographical episodes with considerable felicity, and Mr. Bryce incidentally has taught us much about Germany while tracing the fortunes of the Holy Roman Empire, that main thread in German history which nevertheless was not only non-German but always persistently anti-German. We possess a few works on special subjects; the old fashioned ones, like Coxe's early chapters on the Hapsburgs and Carlyle's episode on the origin of the Hohenzollerns, are the best; they live and will live. What we now want is a sound, detailed History of Germany, and Germany only, not a European history in disguise. The foreign and papal incidents should be briefly mentioned in their places with references to the well-known books where they are so amply treated. The history should start, where Germany started, from the dismemberment of the Karling Empire in the ninth century. The introductory chapter should be not a school-book abstract of events from the earliest times, culled from Gibbon and practically a part of Universal History, but a careful survey of Germany at the date when it became a separate state; a survey geographical, ethnographical, social and political, with some historical enquiry into the causes of the various phenomena which it presented. The work should come down to Charles V., where the field is not only already occupied, but the aspect of the scene is entirely changed. It might, however, be well to trace in an epilogue the survival and gradual effacement of the mediæval elements in Modern Germany. Two or three octavos would suffice to do for Germany much more than Mr. Green did for England. The strong point should be full and minute detail, and for this a strong man would be wanted. Of course it would be hopeless to attempt (as a German would) to keep running side by side the petty events of a dozen small states and the biographies of a score of minor dynasties. But in each period a few typical episodes and movements should be selected for treatment in minutest detail and with all the aids of original documents and local colouring. Such a task would demand more skill than learning and industry. The labour of research, though by no means finished, has already been extensively pursued by German historians, and their exhaustive collections only await judicious compilation. It would be insolence to pretend that no German hand is equal to the task; enough that in a translation such a work would hardly appeal to us English. At the present moment a Frenchman of the first rank would hardly venture on a serious, unbiassed History of Germany, nor indeed would he be likely to grasp strongly enough the true decentralising German spirit. He would theorise brilliantly but falsely. To a competent English historian all would be easy; he possesses the racial sympathy with the Germans when they were most German and so most English, while he enjoys the advantage of an outside standpoint. The only special training needed would be a few years' wandering through the country, and examination of those mediæval remains which lend so peculiar an interest to its history.

Such a book would in any case be a success; if brilliantly written it would enjoy a permanent reputation. Apart from the romantic fascination of the subject, it would appeal to so many classes of readers—the political, the social, the artistic student, and not least to the eager tourist who finds himself sadly baffled by the historical notices in his German guide-book. The general reader has picked up some claptrap about the useless, tangled skein of old German history, and has yet to learn its incomparable dignity and grandeur—the grandeur of rude force, of moral singleness, of exuberant freedom, of dogged perseverance, above all the grandeur of remote antiquity. For when we read of the old Saxon Kaisers with their great ideals, their bold statecraft, their strenuous lives, the mighty tourists they were, ever on the move from the Baltic to the Tiber along the sorry tracks where now glides the midnight express, trying their best to manage everybody and settle everything everywhere, it is so hard to realise that the last of them had passed to rest long before the Norman had landed in England. It is fine to write about Napoleon, but it is finer to write about men as great as he, but who lived in times which gave them room and scope to be as good as great.

Had Mr. Henderson's work approached the ideal we have indicated, we should have devoted more space to it. It has its merits. He has evidently taken a good deal of pains in working up some of the newest German authorities, and here and there gives some interesting facts. But his method is injudicious, and the hopes raised by his preface are soon disappointed. His title—'The History of Germany in the Middle Ages'—is fallacious. The first quarter of the book is devoted to a sketch of Western History before either the German Kingdom or the Middle Ages had commenced. This is a mere school primer and poorly written. Less than two pages are given to the "manners and customs" of the early Germans; Tacitus is alluded to, but apparently has not been studied; and Cæsar's information is ignored. Still more extraordinary, the Middle Ages are supposed to close with the Interregnum in 1272. The author, in a footnote, contemplates two more volumes, but there is nothing in the preface, nor in the last sentences of the book, to hint that he has left his task half undone.

In fact the book is a mere compilation on much too general a plan. Even in the Hohenstauffen period, where he is at his best, the writer wanders too much into the familiar Italian and European history without having anything new to contribute. Germany itself does not seem to interest him very much, though by searching a good many German facts may be gathered from his pages. As a primer the middle of the book might be useful, as it does give a fairly adequate consecutive history of the period, and for the general reader it is very much better than nothing. But Mr. Henderson, in trusting that his book will be "hated deeply and loved warmly" is by no means the first who has miscalculated his powers. His "Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages" we have not yet examined, but such a work cannot fail to be valuable and interesting. The most unsatisfactory feature of his style is his fondness for colloquial phrases, such as "to be at odds with," and the strange sense he attaches to certain words. Many phrases suggest the foreigner rather than the American. Thus, he writes that Belisarius "had finally mastered himself of the land," and that the "Germans were bereft of a common enemy." The introduction and the remarks on the authorities are both well done. There are no footnotes or references, nor is there an index. Y. Y.

THE MANXMAN.*

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, like the greater part of his work, indeed, has one special and noticeable quality. It forces you to feel how straight out of his heart he writes. A few other writers of fiction to-day may have equal emotional intensity, but they are either careful to hide it, or unable to express it. He backs up this warmth of feeling by much else, it is true—by humour, by observation, by excellent workmanship. 'The Manxman' is a very full book, fuller even than 'The Deemster' and 'The Bondman,' appealing to varied interests, expending a lavish amount of material, and showing no thinness or flimsiness anywhere. Still, its special power over readers is emotional, a power great and dangerous. His keen appreciation of humour may generally be trusted to keep this other and stronger quality within bounds, but one lights on a spot now and again where the atmosphere is sickly because the wholesome airs of humour have ceased for the moment to blow.

The novel is a tribute to his beloved island, warmer even than 'The Deemster,' to the character of its people,

* 'The Manxman.' By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)

to the picturesqueness of their simple lives. It is, in a sense, a book of Manx folk-lore, and the descriptions of old rites and customs are the occasions of some of the most striking passages, though one must admit that the artist has been driven too much by the patriot. There is more of this lore than the story strictly needs. The construction of the book is of the careful, gradual order, each important step being noted, each phase in the life of the chief actors minutely examined. Care and conscientiousness, it should be said, mark every page. It is to the first part, descriptive of the early lives of Philip Christian, the central personage, and his humble cousin Pete, the hero, that one looks back with keenest pleasure. Philip, though an orphan, lives a sheltered, comfortable life, while Pete is a poverty-stricken, neglected little urchin with no legal right to Philip's family name. But the lads are staunch allies, and the tale of their imaginary adventures as desperadoes, the terror of all the islands, is a charming bit of boy-lore.

'"Pete," said Philip, with awful gravity, "the sea's calling me."

"And me," said Pete, solemnly.

Early that night the two lads were down at the most desolate part of Port Mavar, in a cave, under the scraggy black rocks of Gobny-Garvain, kindling a fire of gorse and turf inside the remains of a broken barrel.

"See that tremendous sharp rock below low water?" said Philip.

"Don't I though," said Pete.

There was never a rock the size of a currycomb between them and the line of the sky.

"That's what we call a reef," said Philip. "Wait a bit and you'll see the ships go splitting on top of it like—like——"

"Like a tay-pot," said Pete.

"We'll save the women, though," said Philip. "Shall we save the women, Pete? We always do."

"Aw, yes, the women—and the boys," said Pete, thoughtfully.

Philip had his doubts about the boys, but he would not quarrel. It was nearly dark, and growing very cold. The lads croodled down by the crackling blaze, and tried to forget that they had forgotten tea-time.

"We never has to mind a bit of hungry," said Philip, stoutly.

"Never a ha'porth," said Pete.

"Only when the job's done we have hams and flitches and things for supper."

"Aw, yes, ateing and drinking to the full."

"Rum, Pete: we always drinks rum."

"We has to," said Pete.

"None of your tea," said Philip.

"Coorse not, none of your auld granny's two-penny tea," said Pete.'

Pete loves Katherine, the daughter of Cæsar, "a mighty man among the Methodists," and a prosperous innkeeper; and to win a home for her he goes to Kimberley to make his fortune. Philip he appoints his *Dooiney-Molla*, or man-praiser, a post that demands intercession for the lover with the parents before betrothal, and, during the lover's absence, attention to and protection of the lady. Philip has not allowed his education and conditions to separate him from his old comrade, but his friendship does not protect him from temptation. Neither he nor Katherine proves worthy of the guileless trust reposed in them. Pete comes home a rich man, but not so rich in gold as in love for Kate and his friend. Worldly prospects and the story of his own unequally mated father and mother, keep Philip from preventing the marriage, but the woman, unable long to bear her false position, leaves her husband, and is hid by her old lover. Mr. Caine has attempted a great task in following the inner life of Philip, a man of sensitive soul, of great talents, and distinguished by fortune, feeling himself every day more corrupted and degraded by a secret sin that brings him no gratification, high or low. The hunting of Philip by his fortune and his conscience raises the book to a high tragic level. Kate, in a sudden burst of unselfishness, goes away, but misfortune follows her, and on her return she has to appear before Philip, the Deemster, on a charge of attempting her own life, and is committed to jail. Divorce proceedings, with closed doors, sever her from Pete. Distinctions are showered on Philip, and his secret is safe; but at the great ceremony of his appointment as governor, he refuses the honour, makes public confession, goes to the prison, and leads Kate out. A comparison here is inevitable. The scene challenges comparison as voluntarily as do the Turners hung side by side with the Claudes in the National Gallery. If it is not longer than the one our mind reverts to, it is too long and too unrestrained. It does not thrill like,

"At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a livid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

Perhaps it is not comparison alone that harms it. Philip's creator will have him expiate his sin to the last among those who had held him in honour, and will have him marry Katherine. They walk out of the story with a halo; but what of Philip's heritage of weakness that had already driven him to intemperance? And in Katherine there was no nobility. Hers is a poor nature, capable of better moments. Suffering curbs passion and often refines human nature, but it cannot essentially change it; and readers interested in these two cannot leave them with the thought they have found peace. They had both suffered enough to have paid the price of death for one at least.

Philip's story and Pete's character are the outstanding features of the book. Pete is a real creation, humorous, unconsciously poetical, and of a trustfulness in a shaky world heartbreaking to behold. When he knows not where Kate has gone, he invents sublime falsehoods to account for her disappearance—

'"And you never heard tell of him? Not Uncle Joey with the bald head? Well, well! A smart old man, though. Man alive, the lively he is too; and the laughable, and the good company. To look at that man's face you'd say the sun was shining reg'lar. Aw, it's fine times she'll be having with Uncle Joe. No woman could be ill with yonder ould man about. He'd break your face with laughing if it was bursting with a squinsey. And you never heard tell of my uncle Joe, of Scotland Road, down Clarence Dock way? To think of that now!"

'They went off with looks of perplexity, and Pete turned into the house. "They're trying to catch me; they're wanting to shame my poor lil Kirry. I must keep her name sweet," he thought.' Of the letters he wrote to himself it would have been enough to give us a hint. There is in them too insistent an appeal to our feelings.

Any one who reads Mr. Hall Caine's book with the interest it deserves, cannot be blind to its defects. It is because it is so full of human kindness and imagination, and by these takes hold of our affection that we cannot be indifferent to its shortcomings.

A PORTUGUESE POET.*

"Anthero de Quental, the Philosopher-Mystic, is one of the three distinguished poets that Portugal has produced in this century . . . and his sonnets are, excepting those of Camoens, the finest in the language." So says his English translator, to whom, by-the-bye, we already owe the excellent version of that curiosity of literature and monument of passion, 'The Letters of a Portuguese Nun.' De Quental was not a great poet, nor even a very original writer, and the fairly modest claims which his translator makes for him are perhaps pitched a little too high. But besides the interest of his literary importance in his own country, he had an exceedingly attractive personality, and is well worth study as a curious result of German mysticism working on a Southern mind. Born half a century ago, he died, by his own hand,

* 'Anthero de Quental.' Sixty-four Sonnets. Englished by Edgar Prestage. 5s. net. (D. Nutt.)

after years of ill-health, in 1892. A man of peculiarly impressionable mind, and of generous spirit, he took part in, and reflected almost all the principal movements, social and intellectual, of his time. Socialist organizer and leader, his contributions to journalistic literature were numerous and full of earnest conviction. These he set little store by, however. His sonnets were the book of his heart, and read in their order, tell plainly the story of the growth of his mind, from the time he threw over his early faith, through the various periods of mingled hope and despair, of black pessimism, to his final epoch of rather hazy Buddhistic belief and hope in the cessation of being as the best that life has to offer. The influence of poets of other nationalities is very evident in his work, notably of Heine, Leopardi, and Baudelaire. His cast of mind is most like the second, though he borrowed most directly from the third; indeed, Baudelaire, with all the devilry, and, it must also be said, a good part of the genius taken away, presents a fair idea of Anthero de Quental.

He is a true poet, if not a great one, and of that rank and character that have an interest and value far beyond their poetic worth. Minor poets should have their due. If they are not mere versifiers, there are few better books than their scorned ones in which to read the aspirations, the weaknesses, the despairs of the human heart. Their very maladies, which their greater brethren escape, or hide, or transform, are guides to knowledge. And de Quental, if not a strengthening poet, has much subtlety and sensitiveness of mind and feeling to reveal.

One cannot say he has been fortunate save in the enthusiasm of his translator. Mr. Prestage has a detestable habit of concocting hideous words—"Near to the sea I sat down tristfully;" "And hovering high above, pure Pensament;" "I'm cradled by your song so mighteous," are a few examples. And what sonnet was ever before permitted such an ending as

> "But the Ideal, the Word, the Essence, and
> The Greatest Good reveal themselves alone
> To man beneath the sky of Conscience-land" ?

De Quental's best sonnets are those on Death, in whose near presence he lived for years, and the translator has in them risen nearer to the level of his original. It is the poet's own experiences that are expressed with sincerity of feeling and spirituality, and by his own images. Yet in these, the most personal of his poems, the influence of Baudelaire is very plainly seen. "Death's Message," beginning:

> "Oh! let the toilers come to me secure;
> Oh! suffer all the suffering to come near;
> And those who, worn by sorrows long and sure,
> Eye their vain deeds at which they mock and jeer,"

is too good only to disappoint us by comparison; but perhaps it partly earns our sympathies because it suggests echoes of that greater one, which was probably de Quental's model for all he wrote on the consolation of his later days:

> "An angel is it, in whose touch magnetic
> Dwell rest and gift of dreams ecstatic,
> Who smoothes the bed where shivering misery lies.
> The glory of the gods, the mystic store,
> The poor man's purse, his fatherland of yore,
> The gateway opened unto unknown skies."

G-Y.

MRS. PIATT'S POEMS.*

Many of Mrs. Piatt's poems are already well known to English readers, and these two excellently got up volumes, which include nearly all of the American writer's works, will doubtless be welcomed in this country. Their author appeals chiefly to women. Those in whom the maternal instinct is most developed will probably be among her chief admirers. There is much beauty in some of her poems on child-life, and even more in those on child-death. As is often the case in such works, the material is very unequal, and had one third only been selected wisely from the 400 pages before us, we should have lost nothing but a lesson in patience. For it is worth while reading or glancing through much that is weak, and not a little that is absolute trash, to find now and again some beautiful thought or graceful lyric. We hardly ever remember reading any book before in which the skilful artist is so often tripped up by the clumsy amateur. As an example, what school-girl could perpetrate lines more appalling than the following?—

> "Pale, mute, and even unconscious out,"

or

> "Hurt and bewildered, then she brokenly tried."

But perhaps one of the most objectionable forms may be found in such lines as the following, where "I say" is brought in whenever an easy rhyme is wanted.

> " . . . . . to-day,
> Yes, and a flower or two, I say!"

and a few pages further on

> "Are the barbers' pride, I say,
> Do not cry for them I pray,"

and again,

> "Why, you would not suspect, I say,
> The rising rival of Doré."

After coming across twenty or thirty of these examples the reader, or at all events the critic, might be justified in throwing the book on the fire, but if he did so he would make a mistake, for there are some thirty or forty poems in the book which will well repay the trouble of finding them, and even in some of the worst pieces a verse, or may be only a line, stands forth as a treasure glittering on a dust heap. As might be expected the author is best in short pieces, where her muse is not constrained to walk in the difficult paths of description or narrative, but can wander at will down any byeway if tempted by a pretty rhyme, or enticed by a soft flowing metrical expression. HEDLEY PEEK.

* 'Poems.' By Sarah Piatt. 2 vols. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10s.)

FROM THE FRONTIER.*

In a small volume of about a dozen stories Mr. Boyle, in accordance with a habit of his, has spent an amount of material that, used in another fashion, would have respectably filled out a dozen volumes of equal size. He has, one may judge, neither of the two great incentives to writing: he has not the tradesman's instinct of economy, of padding, of adulteration, nor has he the literary instinct of developing, adapting, idealizing the material at his command. Possessing either, he might have had great success as a writer of fiction. With the first, Mr. Rider Haggard might have known a dangerous rival, for Mr. Boyle's experiences have lain largely in that fascinating region of savagery, not only outside common experiences, but outside all but the vaguest reports, where the weird, the dangerous, the horrible have their home, accessible only to the rarely venturesome.

"Sworn to the Fetish," for instance, must have the most tantalising effect on any man with the habit and knack of spinning novels of adventure in wild lands. There is every necessary element in it—the excitement of commerce, the prospect of great gain, the meeting of white and coloured rivalries, plotting, treachery, marches into dangerous, unknown country, the practice of horrible rites, the rescue of a white girl brought up as a savage, a love-story, and the introduction of the rescued girl to civilization. And not one of these, from the novel-spinner's point of view, is made use of. Such an one might well try to traffic with Mr. Boyle for plots.

With the second, another and higher reputation might have been his, for in his search for adventure and strange stories it is not merely the surface of events that has struck him. The character of the actors, the picturesque backgrounds of the dramas, have been noted with a keen eye. Only, instead of bringing a story to what is loosely called its logical conclusion—as if the logic of human nature and human events could be reduced to an understandable system—instead of playing the wise man capable of explaining all difficulties, and of giving to every action its accurate motive, instead of letting his imagination work on all the tempting picturesque suggestions, he is content to leave his stories with much unaccounted for, quite as incomplete as are our limited views of real life, and with many gaps of motive and circumstance. Wasted his opportunities, perhaps

* 'From the Frontier.' By Frederick Boyle. (Chapman and Hall.)

he has, if we must regard his stories from a merely literary point of view. But it is not the only point of view from which to regard a story-teller. Mr. Boyle is more concerned with the adventures themselves than with the telling of them and this fact, combined with an exceptional power of brisk, narrative, gives his tales something of the fascination they would have straight from the mouth of an enthusiastic and unaffected eye and ear witness of the strange events. When one says the usual literary instinct of tampering with incidents is wanting in him, no denial of his literary merits is to be understood. These are considerable, especially on the descriptive side. And the very gaps he leaves perhaps sets our imagination working the more vigorously.

All the stories are not equally good; indeed, the two tales "of civilised adventure" are very poor; but at his best he can be entrancing, and he is at his best in "A Legend of Cabul," "A Pathan Brigand," and "A Surprising Adventure." One may confess that one's preference for fiction over the bald vision of real life makes one long to read these tales as Mr. Kipling would have written them. But at least Mr. Boyle has one very rare characteristic, which should be gratefully set to his credit: he never puts his own interpretation on things, or makes his own point of view or prejudices prominent. There is hardly any plot in the last-named tale, but there are imagination-stirring suggestions. It is about a French missionary, Jean Lequeu, a man full of religious zeal, placed among a tribe not soon impressed by his influence and teaching. After encountering much danger, he is instrumental in saving the lives of some prisoners from a distance of a twenty days' march from the settlement. He and his brother Antoine, a French naval officer, accompany these prisoners back to their home. There Antoine, an adventurous spirit, accepts a commission to lead the king's armies. He meant to do more, and was ambitious, too, for his humble-minded but enthusiastic priestly brother. "When he himself ruled supreme in Cosigalfa, Jean should be apostle and archbishop. They would open a road to Mexico; restore this strange and interesting people to communication with the world. Jean should be a new and happier Las Casas." The king was bent on invasion. The story of the march to what the priest maintained was the fabled city of Itzimaya, the centre of an unknown civilised bravo kingdom in Guatemala, the description of the city and its capture as reported by the priest, after excitement, wounds, unconsciousness, and expulsion from the country—for the jealousy of the native warriors and priests forced him to go and compelled his brother to stay—are admirable; admirable now in their preciseness, and again in their suggestive vagueness. There is a weird description of a fight round the old withered monarch of the legendary city—a figure like a mummy, swathed in strange trappings, "all sewn with crests of humming-birds that flashed brighter than jewels." "It sat cross-legged upon a throne built of sculptured skulls, overshadowed by a grotesque panther, wide-eyed, wide-mouthed, an embodiment in stone of cruelty." The desperate struggle of the priests against the invaders' arrows, the half-guessed horrors, the half-revealed magnificence and strangeness of this unknown people, are flashed on you with strength and colour. And then your curiosity is left unsatisfied. Whether Antoine still leads the forces of the Lacandones, whether the whole narrative of the priest was a strange dream, you have no clear idea at the end, but the tale rouses all your latent curiosity and appetite for the unknown and the marvellous, and till you have forgotten your sensations the world seems larger and more wonderful. G-Y.

A BOOK OF SONG.*

Health is the best quality in Mr. Sturgis's songs, a delight in joy and in sunshine, a preference for gladness—even in poetry. There is a good deal about Greece and things Greek in the book, but the spirit is not specially Greek, or specially American, or English. Its gladsomeness is of no particular country. Mr. Sturgis is not a very fastidious poet, nor a very ambitious one, but there is a soundness of heart and a simple sincerity about his verses that make us willingly forget the weakness or the carelessness of some in remembrance of the best. The sadder notes are struck no louder than this, the confession of a lover who asked too much of his vain mistress:

"O frolic saint, forgive me! Not for me
Is fellowship in thy gay company;
But if one hour thou weary of thy play,
Lean on my heart that hour and make my day."

The most characteristic, and the strongest too, is the "Boy's Song of Hope," full of young impatience and generosity:

"Is morning near?
Old man, thine eyes are dim; give place to me!
I say the light is up for all to see.
The golden day draws near,
And clouds are drifting;
The day, the day is here,
And night is lifting.

Break forth and sing,
Hills that leap heavenward for the first sunbeams,
Close pastures, hanging woods, and clear bright streams
Where cows stand knee-deep, fields of fair increase,
Where man may toil in hope and rest in peace!
Wealth is a little thing
When clouds are drifting,
When dawn is on the wing
And night is lifting."

And Mr. Sturgis has made other fine additions to the poetry of youth.

* 'A Book of Song. By Julian Sturgis. (Longmans.)

THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.*

This is a book of an admirable humour. The well of Mr. Hope's talent is inexhaustible and various, but he has given us nothing more original and nothing more distinguished than this score of little sketches, reprinted from the columns of an evening newspaper. No one in England, and in France only the unapproachable Gyp, has equalled them for delicacy of social satire and the quick play of subtle word-fence. Mr. Hope's dialogue is a joy for ever; in the brilliancy of its give-and-take it reminds one of nothing so much as a match at tennis between two such volleyers as Mr. Pim and Mr. Lewis. Less rich in emotional suggestion than that of John Oliver Hobbes, it far surpasses hers in ease, in unexpectedness, in the poise of the crisper phrase.

Mr. Hope's comedy is always high-bred and gentlemanly; he has to shoot over thin ice, but he does it with perfect balance and impeccable grace. If one had to find fault, it would be with a certain touch, not so much of cynicism as of aloofness in Mr. Hope's attitude to his characters. He is always critical rather than sympathetic. He is not blind to the ideal side of life, but its weaknesses and its follies are apt to insist upon his vision. And as a result, his writing is most often a little cold and clearcut, without much heart-blood or colour in it.

It is deliciously epigrammatic, however. The central figure in these dialogues is Dorothea, Countess of Mickleham, *née* Dolly Foster. Lady Mickleham is at heart devoted to a somewhat simple-minded and indulgent husband, but at the same time she is what her friend Nellie Phaeton calls "just a little harum-scarum." She is, in fact, the very genius of flirtation, a mistress in the duel of sex, though it must be admitted that she never plays except with the buttons on the foils. Her vagaries effectively scandalise her mother-in-law, and win, to her supreme satisfaction, the undying hatred of all her women acquaintances, while the men "who have been admitted to the enjoyment of her friendship are unanimous in discouraging all others from seeking a similar privilege." The principal of these is one Samuel Travers Carter, a middle-aged man about town, a *flaneur* of the clubs and the Park. He it is who reports Lady Mickleham's doings for our benefit. "There is an understanding," he tells us at the beginning, "that I am very unhappy since Miss Foster's engagement to the Earl of Mickleham was announced." Mr. Carter thoroughly enters into the humour of the situation, and the scenes between him and Dolly are the very finest comedy. Here is one of them. Mr. Carter has been requested not to call again at

* 'The Dolly Dialogues.' By Anthony Hope. (*Westminster Gazette* Office.)

Mrs. Hilary Musgrave's. Mrs. Hilary is rather particular, and does not approve of Dolly. Besides, "she is herself quite good-looking." Mr. Carter explains to Dolly, that if he drops her, Mrs. Hilary will probably let him come again.

'"How charming that would be!" cried Dolly. "You would enjoy her nice, serious conversation—all about Hilary!"

"She is apt," I conceded, "to touch on Hilary. But she is very picturesque."

"Oh, yes, she's handsome," said Dolly.

There was a pause. Then Dolly said, "Well?"

"Well?" said I in return.

"Is it good-bye?" asked Dolly, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"It comes to this," I remarked. "Supposing I forgive you——"

"As if it was my fault!"

"And risk Mrs. Hilary's wrath—did you speak?"

"No; I laughed, Mr. Carter."

"What shall I get out of it?"

The sun was shining brightly; it shone on Dolly; she had raised her parasol, but she blinked a little beneath it. She was smiling still, and one dimple stuck to its post—like a sentinel, ready to rouse the rest from their brief repose. Dolly lay back in the Victoria, nestling luxuriously against the soft cushions. She turned her eyes for a moment on me.

"Why are you looking at me?" she asked.

"Because," I said, "there is nothing better to look at."

"Do you like doing it?" asked Dolly.

"It is a privilege," said I, politely.

"Well, then!" said Dolly.

"But," I ventured to observe, "it's rather an expensive one."

"Then you mustn't have it very often."

"And it is shared by so many people."

"Then," said Dolly, smiling indulgently, "you must have it a little oftener. Home, Roberts, please."

I am not yet allowed at Mrs. Hilary Musgrave's.'

Dolly is fascinating, adorable, and one may perhaps be forgiven for thinking that Mr. Carter was not quite worthy of so much of her attention. But then "those who have been admitted to the enjoyment of Lady Mickleham's friendship are unanimous in discouraging all others from seeking a similar privilege." It is but human.

EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

LOURDES.*

M. Zola has emptied the fullest of note-books into his 'Lourdes,' a work that is difficult to class, not easy to read, and yet that compels one's interest and respect. Guide-book, picturesque report, philosophical observation on the vagaries and the sublimities of humanity, inquiry into the uses of faith and the consequences of its absence from the life of men—these are its main purposes, but through these runs a slight romance. His love stories are not apt to be delightful; they are frequently ugly, and frequently unwholesomely sentimental, but the story of Pierre and Marie, fated never to have the desired happy ending, if faintly outlined, and less forcible than the non-romantic pages of the book, is always sweet and clear.

Never has M. Zola emphasised so strongly his special methods. In 'La Débâclé,' in 'Germinal,' and in 'L'Argent,' he has presented quite as much, perhaps more, laboriously sought information, but here it is more evident, because of the few attempts made at dramatic treatment, or because of the apparently haphazard grouping of characters and scenes, though very likely the arrangement has been selected according to a well thought-out plan, and certainly hardly any other could give the effect of the excitement, the confusion, the anxiety of the pilgrims and the organisers, from the start to the close. Read the book conscientiously, and you will suffer as from many long, continuous, and comfortless railway journeys, with mental anxiety and excitement for company. At times the sensations of the crowds, and the contagion of their fervour, are marvellously transferred to the printed words, and, besides, you are forced actually to live on terms of closest intimacy with a large number of individuals during the five days. The general impressions and individual incidents interrupt each other, and overlap each other just as such do in the full and crowded hours of life. The kind of fatigue produced is really a triumph for the book.

Needless to say, the details, quite apart from their terribly painful character—for surely every ill suffered by the poor human body is notified—are given in wasteful and nauseous abundance. M. Zola never has his audience in his mind when he writes. If he has something to say, he will say it, and the whole of it, without mercy, and yawns and disgusted countenances are of no avail seeing he never looks at his readers' faces. In this obstinacy and unimpressionability, he is incurable; we must take him as he is or leave him. But, at least, not all the merciless enumeration of physical sufferings will reach the reader. Not one exists who could read 'Lourdes' without much skipping.

Those specially sensitive about the efficacy and organisation of the pilgrimage may criticise the exactness of his reporting, but outsiders it will convert to respect and sympathy on the whole, sooner than it will incite them to scoffing. The two points of view compatible with respect and sympathy are expressed in the struggles of the young priest Pierre, a man of pure and exalted character, son of a *dévote* mother, and a sceptical, scientific father, and sharing the natures of both. He goes to Lourdes to accompany his suffering friend Marie and her father, and also to seek to win back his vanished faith. Steadfast in principles and conduct, his emotions and his reason wage a ceaseless combat round his creed, and the "miracle" performed on Marie works no cure for his ill. In the last chapter, the two alternately besiege him, and reason wins, though it wins only while waiting for something to which the inextinguishable religious sentiment of the world can cling with dignity and certitude. Lourdes and all it stands for is impossible, he owns, and yet for a consolation, for a pain-killer—"Sa pitié révoltait. Non, non! ce serait un crime que de fermer le rêve de leur ciel à ces souffrants du corps et de l'âme, dont l'unique apaisement était de s'agenouiller, là bas, dans la splendeur des cierges, dans l'entêtement berceur des cantiques." And yet, this false consolation nursed slavery and misery. "On ne saurait avoir sainement un idéal, en dehors de la marche à l'inconnu pour le connaître, de la victoire lente de la raison, au travers des misères du corps et de l'intelligence." And then his cry is for a new religion—"plus près de la vie, faisant à la terre une fait plus large s'accommodant des vérités conquises. Et surtout une religion qui ne fût pas un appétit de la mort." Pierre, however, was neither saviour nor quack, and he did not see his way to a speedy invention. In the meanwhile, he knew his duty for each day as an honest man. "Et il attendrait."

General criticism of M. Zola is stale. But if nothing new can be said, something is worth repeating. Zola's methods have probably no future in fiction. Let us hope so, for they are often detestable. We turn away from him to seek grace and prettiness. But who among those interpreting human nature for us just now by fiction is more sanely, or more sincerely, interested in, and sympathetic with, the life of human kind?

G-Y.

* 'Lourdes.' Par Emile Zola. (Paris: Charpentier.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE SILVER CHRIST. By Ouida. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

It is tinsel and extravagance and unreality that have won for Ouida both fame and ridicule. But one thing she can do with force, and if she had been content to do nothing else her position would be different from what it is now. Let her get hold of a story of simple peasant nature stirred by passion or revenge, and let her be in the mood to tell it quickly and briefly, and then few can rival her. It is only the outlines of these simple natures she can give; she attempts no fine shading; her reading of them is rough and ready. But the essential likeness she does catch, and their primitive emotions she can express with fire and force. She cannot keep up this genuine fervour for long, and

therefore, only in a few of her shorter tales are her best powers suggested. 'The Silver Christ' presents no very new view of the southern peasant nature. The mixture of passion and superstition in Caris is familiar enough; so are the craft and worldliness of Santina. But the terseness, the bold strokes by which they are presented are not at all common. Caris digging for his witch mother's weapons of magic in her grave in the churchyard by night, a prey to agonies of superstitious terror, but goaded on to the fulfilment of his task by a promise to the women of his passion, is not a mere bit of stage sensationalism. The man's agony is transferred to the written story. There is no false reading of his character, either, as one might look for in a sentimentalist like Ouida. The path from love to hatred and revenge, revenge for himself and still more for the Christ Santina has outraged, by stealing His image for her wicked purposes, is marked along the lines of clear and certain probability. 'The Silver Christ' is followed by another tale, 'A Lemon Tree,' with as much simplicity and with more prettiness, but very feeble by comparison.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR. By François Coppée. From the French by Winifred Heaton. With an Introduction by T. P. O'Connor. (Heinemann.)

This is a very respectable translation of two charming stories of M. François Coppée. M. Coppée is neither difficult to procure in the original, nor to read when once procured, but to those whom a foreign language frightens this version may be recommended as a very fair sample of the work of a great artist, and of a man of exceptionally beautiful mind. Mr. O'Connor's preface may be pleasant enough reading, but it is entirely unnecessary. The stories need no commentary, and a substantial account of Coppée's work or life he does not attempt to give. Having little to say, he says the wrong thing, as, for instance, that he fears the writer "is a dreadful heretic politically"—for which in consideration of his artistic powers he forgives him. This kind of talk may be all very well in the literary columns of a political newspaper, but in the preface to a book which has no nearer connection with politics than that its preface happens to be written by a Member of Parliament, it is out of place and foolish. To say that M. Coppée loves the poor, that he sees the good in life sooner than the evil, that he reads lessons to the self-indulgent, that he is lucid and sincere, may be very harmless, but it is absolutely superfluous. Six pages of fair type are devoted to saying what anyone of mental powers not below the average can find out without assistance from the stories themselves.

JOANNA TRAILL, SPINSTER. By Annie E. Holdsworth. Pioneer Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Miss Holdsworth's characters are not well in hand. Joanna Trail of p. 1 is not Joanna Traill of p. 208, and death is not the only thing that divides them. She asks us to believe that a woman who for twenty years had "stood in the place of parents" to younger sisters is at the age of thirty-six a tremulous, tearful victim, afraid to offer an opinion, apologetic for her very existence, and obedient to their ruling of her life. If she was victim to this extent, perhaps their tyranny was justified; at least she could hardly "have stood in the place of parents" to them. Then with hardly a transition stage she turns into guardian of a difficult young woman, and finally into a highly successful philanthropist. There is still less coherence in the history of the difficult young woman. She had an unhappy history, but she was not bad, and we have no wish to suggest that her life would not quite naturally have been a good one. But by her biographer's own showing, she was light, and vain, and excitement-loving, and her first thought when her confession had lost her a timid lover was to go back to what she had been rescued from, an impulse only, but a symptom of a nature that one does not see a glimpse of in the latter part of the book, where she also philanthropises, with marked success, in the East End, previous to her deferred marriage with the timid Scotch journalist. Otherwise, the story is sympathetic and interesting—toning these words to a minor and somewhat depressed key. Spinsters are favourite heroines just now, especially with spinster writers, perhaps. Wanted, a high-spirited one.

A HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

The worst of novels expressly meant for family consumption is that they are hardly ever good enough for their purpose. The plain diet that is to divert the appetite from deleterious and over-stimulating food is seldom nutritious enough. It is not substantial, only studgy, and marked by that lack of variety that is apt to drive the healthiest to dissipation of some kind. Mrs. Oliphant's general purpose has, of course, always been in the direction of providing wholesome entertainment for families, but the middle-class domestic menu has, of late, been especially prominent with her, and hardly anyone can be satisfied with her performance. Her late novels give the idea that she thinks anything will do, any material and any preparation, if dished up with moral sauce. We feel sure that if she aimed at something better she would prove that the vigour of her early time has by no means passed away; it is only some of the respect for her craft that has vanished. In this last novel there is, indeed, an attempt, by way of adding interest to the plain joint or the milk pudding, at variety, a desperately unsuccessful attempt, reminding one of a third-rate British cook making wild guesses at the mysteries of a *chef*. The 'House in Bloomsbury' is inhabited by two secrets—one that of an elderly maiden lady, who with her maid talks the vilest Scotch, who is no maiden lady at all, but secretly married, and with an unknown son somewhere about in the world; the other that of an elderly studious gentleman, who had once done wonders of an unexplained kind in Africa, and who has a wife somewhere at large, and a daughter in his own keeping. The owners of the secrets are in no way connected, but the wife of one turns up in company with the son of the other in order to make a highly improbable and very foolish plot. The previous separation of the various personages of the plot is explained in a highly moral way; and the only really wicked person, with the exception of an unimportant burglar—and burglars are never corrupting—is not admitted to the reader's company at all. The domestic scenes outside the complication of the plot are flat enough, but they would be preferable to the unsuccessful attempt at excitement, were it not that the young heroine is always present in them, an insufferable child of fifteen, exceptionally rude and unsympathetic, but whose ways and manners Mrs. Oliphant treats with the indulgent tolerance she always shows to youth.

IN THE DWELLINGS OF SILENCE. A Romance of Russia. By Walter Kennedy. (Heinemann.)

This romance of Russia was probably concocted after a careful perusal of the volumes of Mr. George Kennan. A beautiful Russian, Valerie, becomes involved in political troubles, and is sent to Siberia. A young American who is in love with her, and his friend, organise an expedition of rescue, and in their adventures they gain a fairly complete view of the Russian penal system. The sufferings, injustices, and hardships of the prisoners are described with preciseness; so are the travels, schemes, plots, and dangers of the rescue party, but without the vigour or the picturesqueness of the narratives on which they were probably founded. For a romance, or a story of adventure, it is singularly flat and unattractive. The fact is, Mr. Walter Kennedy is evidently not a born romance-writer, and never could be, but a man deeply moved by terrible cruelties perpetrated in the name of law and justice. His strong conviction, his generous sympathies, and the absence of exaggeration from his narrative, fully justify his book, which should be recommended rather to those interested in Russian affairs than those in search of a thrilling romance. The account of the hunger strike and the fight with the tiger should, however, be excepted from the general condemnation of the story on the score of flatness.

MAD SIR UCHTRED OF THE HILLS. By S. R. Crockett. Autonym Library. (Unwin.)

There is a great field for Mr. Crockett in the picturesque description of that epoch in Scottish history which especially attracts him, the time of the persecution of the Covenanters and the years that followed it. It is nearly unworked by the novelist, and of material for him it affords plenty. Nearly every parish in south-western Scotland has its

chronicles of suffering and bravery. And if spiritual heroism prove not enough for his adventurous pen, of fighting and riding, and danger, of escape and pursuit, there is abundance for his imagination to work on. His success with 'The Raiders' will probably keep Mr. Crockett's mind on that picturesque period for some time yet, and if he gives us a series of novels dealing with these times we shall not complain of monotony. 'Mad Sir Uchtred' is but a minor effort in his illustration of the epoch, but it is striking and original. The curse pronounced on the persecuting baronet, by Alexander Renfield, the minister of Kirkchrist, is the one that of old befell Nebuchadnezzar. He becomes no longer a man but a beast, and wanders mad about the hills, and is hunted with dogs. It is a gruesome picture, vigorous and forcible, but we confess to liking Mr. Crockett better in his more human moods. They are here, too, in the pictures of Sir Uchtred's wife waiting in faithfulness her husband's return, of the maniac's savage revenge on his treacherous brother turning into sudden tenderness when he sees him wounded, and remembers their youth, and in the final lifting of the curse by the same hand that had been the instrument of its infliction. And these are the best scenes in the story, better than those in which figure the maniac's pranks.

A SUNLESS HEART. 2 vols. (Ward and Lock.)

There is some good material in this particularly undisciplined book. Fastidious readers, impatient of the hysterical spirit of the first chapter or two, and irritated by the absurd italics like those of an old-fashioned lady's letter, should be told that though the novel never ceases to be hysterical, and the italics, or at least the moods they signify, continue till the end, the story increases rather than diminishes in interest. It is all at a very high-strung pitch, and not one of the characters is fit to be trusted to live comfortably in a rough and prosaic world. The love of the brother and sister whose story forms the first part of the book is narrated at a kind of white heat, and the love of the women in the second part is described with no less intensity. It is a queer, formless, and absurd book, but likeable and readable. If the authoress could control her feelings she might write something much better, for every now and again she shows humour and vivacity. The temperament the book expresses is a little complex. We guess that German sentiment has been grafted on Irish sensitiveness. The mixture is never a very happy one; it tends often to gush.

MY LADY DIMPLE. By Lillie Crane. 2 vols. (Remington.)

This is a story which has been told over and over again, with variations. Its reiteration is very justifiable, for it is an echo of a frequent occurrence. Nanette is a little butterfly heroine, greedy for all the sweets of life, hating pain and dull things all the more intensely for her convent bringing-up, with an undeveloped conscience and soul, but plenty of flame in her nature. Of course, she attracts all, steady natures and unsteady. The steady nature is always sure he can make her content. The variations on the old story here are not very pleasant. Nanette's parentage is a secret, to reveal which would be unfair to readers of the story, but it makes a by no means agreeable plot. And when, after an attempt at escape with the old passionate lover, after an accident, rescue, and illness, she is reconciled to the steady and worthy one, we try to be content that all will go well. But we are not. It had been better to have killed Nanette in the accident, though she is a winning little sinner, for while she lives there will be danger to her husband's household peace. It says something for the interest of the story that one takes so much interest in it as to wish to change its course.

THE RAJAH'S SECOND WIFE. By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock.)

If you suppress private opinions that may not happen to agree with the writer's, and take 'The Rajah's Second Wife' merely as a story, you will own it to be a very good one indeed. Mr. Headon Hill's theology is of a rudimentary kind, his idea of Christianity not of the highest—see p. 104; and the sign and symbol of a native Indian's worthiness in his eyes would seem to be the wearing of an European coat. The tailor-made and fashionable Occidental garments of the heroine, the Ranee, an English girl, are much insisted on, and favourably compared with the Oriental robes her husband the Rajah dons in his inferior moods. Perhaps it is a pity that this insular temper should be made so evident, but it does not spoil the story as a vigorous, picturesque, and enjoyable narrative. The plot of the Rajah's minister to wean him from the influence of the English girl by suborning villains to prove by lies the existence of a former wife, is told with ingenuity, and with an air of perfect probability; and the part played by John Deacon, the missionary, the story of his conquered temptation and his heroic death, win quick sympathy and interest.

PHIL HATHAWAY'S FAILURES. By George Halse. 3 vols. (Henry.)

Mr. Halse has written a queer, amateurish story. His style is as yet in the rigid, pedantic, and ambitious stage, and his idea of a conversational level of English is not very happy. For the expression of levity and high spirits the favourite expletive of his characters seems to be "Magnus Apollo!" Mr. Halse is evidently spelling himself through the book of human nature. His understanding is yet vague, but it is not all distorted. His invention of incidents is bold, and does not in every case commend itself to an ordinary sense of probabilities. Phil Hathaway had a genius for literature and art, but his efforts in both always failed. He fell in love with a girl art-student in the British Museum, and spent every leisure moment in painting his memory of her. But he couldn't "fix" the tint of her hair, so, straightforward young man that he was, he "solicited a morsel" of the real thing. "She generously, unhesitatingly gave him a lovely lock of it." But the young lady had a mother who discovered the transaction, and wrote severely to Hathaway, using, not very candidly, her daughter's name. He fled from London to rustic solitudes, and tilled the soil in despair. But there is a dread secret in Phil's past. He had been ordained a priest, and had drawn back from the service to try his fortune in art and literature. His failures had been the judgment on him, and in rustic solitudes he determines to take up his first profession. This he does, becomes a vicar, and marries the lady who had bestowed on him so unhesitatingly a lock of her hair. We are given to understand that his failures have completely stopped by that time. The adventures of his friend Tertius are still more curious. "The divinity" of Mr. Halse's motto is really called upon a little too frequently to shape elaborately his rough-hewn ends.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE. A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers. By Mabel Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.)

These nature books have lost all their novelty, but at their worst they are harmless, and represent healthy tastes, even a healthy sentimentality. They are easy to read or to skip, and leave behind them a pleasant hum of bees and a whiff of fresh scents. This one is neither the best nor the worst of its kind. It is pleasantly written, very brief, has no pretentiousness, and presents itself in a daintily sober livery. Its value is all in its flavour, so English readers may enjoy it though it is New England nature that is spoken about. You don't go to such books for botanical knowledge, but for suggestions of, and invitations into, the open air.

CLIMBING IN THE BRITISH ISLES, I. By W. P. Haskett Smith, M.A. Illustrated by Ellis Carr. 3s. 6d. (Longmans Green and Co.)

This is the first volume of a short series on climbing in the British Isles, and deals only with England. We are glad to see that two others are in preparation, Wales and Scotland. The book is excellently arranged, well and carefully illustrated, and should be in the hands of all those who love clambering or who wish to prepare themselves, by practical experience, for future and more ambitious mountaineering. The chief object of the work is to enable the reader to find suitable places where the principles so admirably laid down in such works as the Badminton 'Mountaineering' may be tested and applied, and to understand the descriptions—

often involving difficult technical and local terms—which have been published of them. It offers, in short, to the would-be climber a link between the guide book and the local specialist.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Edited by G. L. Gomme. ECCLESIOLOGY. Edited by F. A. Milne. (Stock.)

These volumes now being edited by Mr. Gomme, deserve the attention and gratitude of antiquarians. The curious information and real research buried in old pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is as extraordinary in amount as in variety, but for readers of to-day it has been almost inaccessible. The present volume is a specially interesting one. Though by its nature it cannot deal with any of its subjects exhaustively, and though no attempt has been made by notes and comments to bring the information up to date, the information the extracts supply on Early Church Building, Church Interiors, and Church History are of great interest and value to antiquarians, architects, and Churchmen.

GREEN PASTURES. Being Choice Extracts from the Works of Robert Greene. Made by Alexander B. Grosart. (Elliot Stock.)

Dr. Grosart has made a charming collection of snatches from Greene. Space in the pretty "Elizabethan Library" is so limited, and the editor has been so resolved that his selection shall be representative of all Greene's moods, that the extracts are indeed for the most part only snatches. Some of them are very captivating, and books of this kind often lead readers to seek nearer intimacy. None save students know more of Greene than as a jealous rival to Shakespeare. Dr. Grosart rather takes Greene's part in this matter, and contrives in his preface to provoke curiosity in and sympathy with the incidents in his unfortunate career. Of the extracts here, the lullaby,

> "Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
> When thou art old there's grief enough for thee,"

is about the only one made familiar by other selections.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Golden Treasury Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The newest volume of the Golden Treasury Series is as good a selection as could have been made, though Clough's work is neither so large in bulk, nor so unequal, as to particularly call for selection. "The Bothie" is given first; otherwise the poems appear in chronological order. Nearly all are given entire; only in 'Dipsychus' and 'Amours de Voyage' are there omissions. Most of the sweet-natured wisdom that one has learnt to look for in Clough will be found in the selection. It wears well.

A GUIDE TO BRITISH AND AMERICAN NOVELS. By Percy Russell. (Digby and Long.)

A notice of this book gives opportunity for a warning, else its own best fate were obscurity. Ambition and incapacity are not unfrequently found together, but the unholy combination is rarely seen so closely yoked. The book "is the result of thirty-six years' continuous study of British, American, and Australian fiction." We can only say that it would be the inadequate fruit of three weeks' intermittent skimming of novels. It attempts to be a literary guide to the past and the present; it is inaccurate, incomplete, almost illiterate, and as criticism ridiculous. It should be said, however, that the proprieties have a fine advocate in Mr. Russell. Of Mr. Kipling he says, "To some minds the prominence given to the vulgar characteristics of the private soldier is no doubt an offence, as it tends to induce a complacent acquiescence in traits of character which we would wish all who possess them to put off on the first convenient opportunity." Of George Eliot, "Everybody knows how the later years of the author of *Romola* were darkened by the clouds that must roll over the path that leads to infidelity." But this is good—"In' all these five novels [*Daniel Deronda*, etc.] there is highly noticeable a great wealth of original sententious reflections." One more culling from Mr. Russell's own "wealth of sententious reflections": "Mr. Grant Allen has for his latest venture issued some poems, wherein he obtrudes his strange belief in evolution." We apologise for giving so much space to an uncommonly worthless book, but the title is seductive, and a warning may not be useless to those who, without examination, might count on its suitability for their reference libraries.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BURNETT, A. G.—The Millenarian Heresy. 2/-....Murray, Aberdeen
[*After this attack Millenarianism must wither. The most interesting thing in the pamphlet, to those not tainted by the heresy denounced, is its guileless egoism.*]
CUST, R. N.—Prevailing Methods of Evangelization.....Luzac
FINDLAY, G. G.—Christian Doctrine and Morals Viewed in their Connection, 2/-.....Wes. Meth. Book Room
[*The Fernley Lecture. Very thoughtful and cultivated in tone, and written with an understanding of the needs and interests of the day.*]
GRAY, Rev. H. B.—Men of Like Passions, Characters of Bible Heroes, and other Sermons, 5/-.....Longmans
HOOLE, C. H.—The Didache, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, 2/6 Nutt
KING, Right Rev. E.—Practical Reflections on Every Verse of the Prophet Isaiah, 4/6.....Longmans
MACLAREN, A.—Illustrations from Sermons of, edited and selected by J. H. Mostyn, 5/-.....Alexander & Shepheard
MOSS, R. W.—Discipline of the Soul, 3/6.....W. C. O.
PIERSON, A. T.—The New Acts of the Apostles, 6/- .....Nisbet
SANDERSON, R. E.—What is the Church? Eight Sermons, 2/6 W. Gardner
Stories for our Mothers' Unions, 1/6.....W. Gardner
STRACEY, W. J.—Short Sermons on the Psalms, fourth series, 5/- Skeffington

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—A Woman's Heart, 2/6.....White
BOOTHBY, G.—In Strange Company, 5/- .....Ward & Lock
CAINE, H.—The Manxman, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 178.]
CALOW, R. BROOKFIELD.—A Tale of the Time Gone By, 6/- Remington
COLIN CLOUT.—Norman, or Inherited Fate, 6/-.....Digby & Long
[*The writer must be a most well-informed and cultured person. Never have we seen a book so full of poetical quotations. As a compilation of elegant extracts we should have nothing but praise for it, if only the comments labelled story were omitted.*]
CROCKETT, S. R.—Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills (Autonym Lib.), 1/6 Unwin
[*See p.* 183.]
D'HERISTAL, A.—Our Discordant Life, 1/-.....Digby & Long
[*Love frustrated brings the hero to a drunkard's grave. The writer seems to think the end doesn't come too soon, and readers will agree.*]
GISSING, A.—A Vagabond in Arts, 3 vols., 31/6.....Hurst & Blackett
HERMAN, H.—Woman the Mystery, 3/6 .....Ward & Lock
HILL, H.—The Rajah's Second Wife, 3/6.....Ward & Lock
[*See p.* 184.]
HOUSTON, Mrs.—Kathleen Carmichael's Recollections, 2/6.....Eason
HOWARD, B. W.—No Hero .....Gay & Bird
[*A charming story for boys, girls, or any folks. Both the fun and the pathos are genuine. Bob is a hero in spite of the title; and we have met few we like better of late days.*]
KENYON, M. E.—The Story of John Coles, 3/6.....Digby & Long
[*A queer jumble of murder, burglary, church gossip, and philanthropy. The scene of this poor story is laid in a country parish and in what is termed the "dear East End."*]
MARTIN, Mrs. H.—Suit and Service, 2 vols., 21/-....Hurst & Blackett
MCLEAN, A.—Quiet Stories from an Old Woman's Garden, 3/5 Warne
[*Refined and gentle, but without the best of workmanship this kind of thing is dull. There are descriptions of natural beauty in Sussex, however, which deserve praise.*]
MEYER, C.—The Shadows of Life, 1/-.....Warne
[*The writer apologises for his twelve detective stories being drawn from life. On the contrary, their truth gives them a zest. They are certainly as curious as the concocted ones, and hardly more sordid.*]
My Man Sandy. Being Experiences and Reflections of Bawbee Bowden.....Brodie & Salmond, Arbroath
OTOLENGUI, R.—A Modern Wizard, 2/- .....Putnams
[*A detective story of an ingenious kind, but wildly extravagant in parts.*]
OUIDA.—The Silver Christ (Pseudonym Library), 1/6.....Unwin
[*See p.* 182.]
RAIMOND, C. E.—George Mandeville's Husband. Pioneer Series, 2/6 Heinemann
RIDGEWAY, A.—The Westovers, 6/-.....Digby & Long
[*The writer has put good matter into his book, and not a little talent. When he learns to be more sparing of his words he will write a readable story.*]
SCOTT, Mrs. O. W.—The Gilead Guards, 2/6.....W. C. O.
SHUD, T.—A Rash Vow, 1/-....; .....Digby & Long
[*A young man and woman make friends over a dead body. But in spite of this melancholy beginning, their love-story is fairly prosperous, if uninteresting.*]
SIMS, G. R.—Memoirs of a Landlady.....Chatto & Windus
YOUNG, M.—Lost! One Hundred Pounds Reward, 2/6 Digby & Long
[*A youthful and amateurish romance, in which the well-known lost will and lost child keep company with the equally well-known elopement and angry baronet, and are coloured by reminiscences of 'Oliver Twist.'*]
WALFORD, L. B.—Ploughed; and other Stories, 6/-.....Longmans
WINTER, J. S.—A Seventh Child, 2/6.....White

NEW EDITIONS.

BARRETT, F.—The Woman of the Iron Bracelets, 3/6.....Chatto
DOWSON, E., and MOORE, A.—A Comedy of Masks, 6/-..Heinemann
LYALL, E.—The Autobiography of a Slander, Illustrated, 2/6 Longmans
MACDONALD, Rev. J. M.—Thunderbolt, an Australian Story, 3/6 Hurst & Blackett
MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Neighbours.....Longmans
SAUNDERS, M.—Beautiful Joe, 3/-.....Jarrold
[*The story of a dog, cleverly and entertainingly written. An excel-*

lent gift book for children, and one that all kindness to animals societies should circulate largely.]

SCOTT, Sir W.—Count Robert of Paris and Surgeon's Daughter (Border Edition), 12/-.....Nimmo

SPENDER, Mrs. J. K.—A Strange Temptation, 2/-.....Hutchinson

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ALFORD, D. P.—A Tale of Tresco, The Tavistock Chimes, 1/6 and 1/- net.....Simpkin

GILLETT, E. E.—A Christmas Tale and Other Poems.....Stock

[*Verses such as these should be for strictly private circulation. It is hardly fair to send them out to the world as if they expected general interest.*]

INGLISFIELD, W.—Queen Elizabeth and Earl Leicester .....Stock

[*A drama in the blankest of verse and five acts; flat, pompous, lengthy.*]

LYNCH, A.—Our Poets.....Remington

[*Criticism in verse and prose of most of the writers of to-day, much of it silly, and all of it ill-tempered, but with here and there a spark of bright intelligence.*]

MORRIS, L.—Ode on the Occasion of the Visit of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales to Carnarvon, July 11th, 1894 Jarvis & Foster, Bangor

[*Loyal commonplaces to Wales and her Prince, doubtless well suited to the occasion celebrated.*]

OMAN, J. C.—The Great Indian Epics. The Ramayana and the Mahabarata, 5/-.....Bell

PIATT, S.—Poems. 2 vols., 10/-.....Longmans

[*See p.* 180.]

SMITH, HORACE.—Interludes, Second Series, 5/-.....Macmillan

[*Mr. Smith devotes the leisure which his legal avocations permit him to jotting down amiable platitudes on hypocrisy, on character, and suchlike subjects, and to composing plays and humorous verses of a high-spiritedness that only a schoolboy could rival. He reveals a happy, satisfied, cheerful personality which is rarer than literary talent.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Collins' Poetical Works, ed. by Mary Thomas. Aldine Edition, 2/6 net Bell

Shakespeare, The Poems of, ed. by Rev. A. Dyce. Aldine Edition, 2/6 net.....Bell

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BAEDEKER, K.—The Dominion of Canada. Handbook for Travellers, 5/- Dulau

Bombay Gazetteer, vol. 26, pt. 2. Trade and Fortifications, 5/-..Luzac

Botta, A. C. L., Memoirs of. Written by Her Friends, 15/- ..Isbister

BROWN, R.—The Story of Africa, vol. 3, 7/6.....Cassell

Cicero (M. Tullius), Correspondence of, Revision of the Text by Tyrell and Purser, vol. 4. 12/-.....Longmans

DAVIES, G. C.—Cruising in the Netherlands, 1/6 and 2/6.....Jarrold

[*A pleasantly written little book. The ground has been gone over before, but not so conveniently. Even non-cruising visitors to Holland and North Belgium will find it useful.*]

DICEY.—The Peasant State. An Account of Bulgaria in 1894, 12/- J. Murray

Flamborough, Village and Headland, 3/6.....Simpkin

FREEMAN, E. A.—History of Sicily from the Earliest Times, ed. A. J. Evans, 21/-.....Frowde

Gentleman's Magazine Library, The, ed. by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., Ecclesiology, ed. by F. A. Milne.....Stock

[*See p.* 185.]

GRINDROD, C. F.—Malvern, 1/- net.....Thompson, Malvern

[*A readable guide to a picturesque and interesting neighbourhood, abundantly illustrated.*]

GROVE, Lieut.-Col. P.—History of the 91st Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders, 7/6.....W. & A. K. Johnston

HENDERSON, E. F.—A History of Germany in the Middle Ages, 7/6 Bell

[*See p.* 177.]

KAYSERLING, Dr. M.—Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries, trans. by C. Gross, 5/-.....Longmans

LACOUPERIE, T. LE.—Western Origin of the Early Chinese, 21/-Asher

LEWIS, Mrs.—A Lady's Impression of Cyprus in 1893.....Remington

[*Brightly written, and likely to incite persons of travelling opportunities to visit Cyprus. It is much less slipshod and vague than "impressions de voyage" are apt to be.*]

MEDLEY, D. J.—A Student's Manual of English Constitutional History, 10/6.....Blackwell, Oxford

TEMPLE, R. C.—Notes on Antiquities in Ramanuades, 24 plates, 18/- Luzac

VERNEY, Col. L. and HUNT, Lieut.-Col. J. M. F.—Records of the Infantry and Artillery Militia of Southampton, 30/- Longmans

NEW EDITION.

GALQUET, F. A.—Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries, pt. 1, 1/- net.....Hodges

[*Sixth edition of an important historical work.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Bell's Classical Translations, Cæsar's Gallic War, Books I.-IV. and Books V.-VII.; Virgil's Æneid, Books IV.-VI., Books VII.-IX., and Books X.-XII; 1/- each.....Bell

[*Intelligent cribs, with useful notes. The Cæsars have maps, and both have memoirs.*]

BIBBY, G. H.—Asylum Construction and Arrangement, 2/- ..Batsford

BURTON, W. K.—The Water Supply of Towns, 25/- .....Lockwood

CHADWICK, J.—Slide-Rule Instructor, 2/-.....Heywood

DROUIN, F.—The Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Photography, 1/6 net Lund

GIBBINGS, A. H.—Dynamo Attendants and their Dynamos, 1/- Rentell

GUIRANDON, T. G.—Bolle Fulbe, Manuel de la Langue Foule, 6/- Luzac

HARRIS, T.—Three Periods of English Architecture, 7/6 ....Batsford

KELVIN, Lord.—The Molecular Tactics of a Crystal, 3/6 Oxford University Press

KITTEL, F.—A Kanada-English Dictionary, 32/- .....Luzac

Laboratory Manual of Physics and applied Electricity, edited by E. L. Nichols, vol. 1, 12/6 .....Macmillan

LAFENESTRE, G., and RICHTENBERGER, E.—The National Museum of the Louvre, translated by B. H. Gausseron, with 100 illustrations .....Dean

[*A complete and convenient descriptive catalogue. The illustrations are rather poorly reproduced.*]

Lucian's Six Dialogues translated into English, with an Introduction by S. T. Irwin, 3/6.....Methuen

MURCHE, V. T.—Object Lessons in Elementary Science, 3 vols., 2/6, 3/-, 3/6 each .....Macmillan

NOTTER, J. L.—Manual of Hygiene, 3/6 .....Longmans

NUTT's Conversation Dictionary, compiled by R. Jaschke. English-Italian Conversation Dictionary, 2/6 .....Nutt

[*An admirable series. Beside the English-Italian part there is an Italian-English vocabulary and a grammatical appendix. We know no dictionary of a size suitable for tourists that can compare with it.*]

OLIVER, T. W., and others.—Natural History of Plants, from the German of A. K. von Maurilaum, half vol., 12/6 ....Blackie

PRENTIS, W.—Notes on the Birds of Rainham, 3/6.....Gurney

PRICE, W. A.—Treatise on the Measurement of Electrical Resistance, 14/- .....Oxford University Press

Rembrandt, his Life and his Times, by E. Michel, Part I., 2/6 Heinemann

REULEAUX, F.—The Constructor, a Handbook of Machine Design, 31/6 Nutt

SANDERS, A.—Researches in the Nervous System, 10/6 Williams & Norgate

SAVAGE, G. H.—Insanity and Allied Neuroses, 9/- .....Cassell

Smith, H. J. S., Collected Mathematical Papers of, with Memoir, by J. W. L. Glaisher, 63/- .....Oxford University Press

STEEL, G.—An English Grammar and Analysis, 3/6.....Longmans

STUART, D. M.—Coal Dust, an Explosive Agent, with seven plates Spon

[*The explosion at the Camerton Collieries, in a non-gaseous mine, called the attention of miners and scientists to the existence of another explosive agent than fire-damp. Mr. Stuart has made a very thorough investigation, with important results.*]

TAYLOR, F. G.—A Short Commercial Arithmetic, 1/6.....Methuen

TAYLOR, J. E.—Theoretical Mechanics: Fluids, 2/6.....Longmans

TYSER, C. R.—Law Relating to Losses, 10/6 .....Stevens

WEISMANN, A.—The Effects of External Influences upon Development, 2/- .....Froude

WOOLCOMBE, W. G.—Practical Work in General Physics, 3/6 Clarendon Press

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ARMATAGE, G.—The Thermometer as an aid to Diagnosis in Veterinary Medicine, 1/- .....Warne

HYDE, S.—The Nurse's Guide to Massage, 3/6 .....Heywood

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book (A) of Absurdities, by an Old Volunteer, 2/6 .....Cassell

DANSON, J. T.—Our Next War in its Commercial Aspects, 7/6 E. Wilson

DENE, K.—Clubs, Athletic and Recreative.....Simpkin

DUBOIS, F.—The Anarchist Peril, translated by R. Derechef, 5/- Unwin

FURSE, G. A.—The Organisation and Administration of the lines of Communication in War, 12/-.....W. Clowes

Grouse, The: Natural History by Macpherson, Shooting by Stuart Wortley, Cookery by Saintsbury, 5/-. Fur and Feather Series .....Longmans

JONES, C. R.—The Hypnotic Experiment of Dr. Reeves, 2/6 ....Bliss

LAZARUS, A.—The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century, a Prospective History.....Unwin

[*The dreams of a generous man of a time of better social conditions. But they are so lengthily narrated that Mr. Lazarus can hardly expect a closer discipleship than vague sympathy.*]

LEHMANN, R.—Conversational Hints for Young Shooters, 1/6 Chatto

LE QUEUX.—The Great War in England in 1897, 6/- Tower Publishing Co.

LOCKWOOD, F.—The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick Roxburghe Press

[*Reprint of an amusing lecture delivered by Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., with an original drawing of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.*]

MATHESON'S Six Months Prices and Dates, January 1st to June 30th, 1894, 2/6 .....Simpkin

MARRIOT, C. J. B., The Rugby Union Game, and ALCOCK, C. W., The Association Game, 1/-.....Routledge

MEYER, T. B.—The Bells of Is, or Voices of Human Need and Sorrow, 2/6 .....Morgan & Scott

MOSTYN, S.—Stay-at-Home Husbands and How to Manage Them, 3/6 Gay & Bird

[*A new version of the very old joke on matrimonial difficulties. The fun strikes us as being uncommonly stale and poor.*]

National Union Gleanings, vol. 2, 4/- .....Office

RICK, G., and VAUGHAN, J.—Hand and Eye Training, 2/-....Cassell

ROCKWELL, R.—Ringing Bells, 2/6 ..... Wesleyan Conference Office

Scientific Chronology of the World, The. Printed for private circulation

[*An ingenious inquiry into dates, establishing in the writer's mind a law that practically reconciles the Hebrew and Egyptian Chronology, shows that Isaac was born 3,648 years from the creation, and other interesting and doubtless momentous facts.*]

THOMSON, W. S.—One Hundred Short Essays on Public Examination Topics, 1/6 .....Simpkin

TUIT, J. W.—Woodside, Burnside, Hillside, and Marsh, 2/6 Sonnenschein

WHEELDON, J. P.—Sporting Facts and Fancies, 2/6.....Shrubsole

WILMOT, T. S.—Twenty Photographs of the Risen Dead, 2/- Midland Educational Co.

WRIGHT, M. O.—The Friendship of Nature .....Macmillan

[*See p.* 184.]

NEW EDITIONS.

GREY, Mrs. W.—Last Words to Girls, cheaper edition, 2/6 Longmans

JONES, Rev. H.—Holiday Papers, 2nd Series, 2/6.....Smith, Elder

MILLAIS, J. G.—Game Birds and Shooting Sketches, 18/- ..Sotheran

RUSSELL, P.—The Author's Manual, 3/6 net ..... Digby & Long

[*The book has received many testimonies to its usefulness as a guide to beginners in authorship. Its irrelevant moral reflections and general padding are grave defects in what aims at being a practical handbook.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 15th and August 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Diana Tempest. By Mary Cholmondeley. 6s. (Bentley.)
3. Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Helen Lady Dufferin. 12s. (Murray.)
4. The Grouse (Fur and Feather Series). 5s. (Longman.)
5. Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills. By S. R. Crockett. 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
6. Joanna Traill, Spinster. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Marcella. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
2. Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
3. Guide Books.
4. Dent's Shakespeare. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.
5. The Grouse. 5s. (Longman.)
6. Ecclesiology. (G. M. L.) 7s. 6d. (Stock).

MANCHESTER.

1. Caine's The Manxman.
2. Grand's The Heavenly Twins.
3. The Yellow Aster.
4. Ward's Marcella, cheap edition.
5. Drummond's Ascent of Man.
6. Crockett's Raiders.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Hall Caine: The Manxman.
2. Mrs. Humphry Ward: Marcella.
3. The Grouse (Fur and Feather Series).
4. Lady Dufferin: Poems and Verses.
5. Kerner and Oliver: Plants.
6. Emile Zola: Lourdes.

BRADFORD.

1. Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. The Ascent of Man. Drummond. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Prisoner of Zenda. A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
4. Jungle Book. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
5. Ships that Pass in the Night. Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

BURNLEY.

1. Golf. Badminton Libr. 10s. 6d. (Longman.)
2. Stonyhurst College Centenary Record, 1894. Rev. J. Gerard, S.J. 28s. (M. Ward.)
3. Stonyhurst. By Leslie Shawcross. 3s. 6d. (Burns & Oates.)
4. Christian Doctrine and Morals. By Findlay. 3s. (Kelly.)
5. To his own Master. Saint Aubyn. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
6. Marcella. Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

TAUNTON.

1. Caine's Manxman.
2. Temple Shakespeare, various.
3. Church's Early History of the Church of Wells.
4. Guide-books, various.
5. Collins' Woman in White.

GLASGOW.

1. The Ascent of Man. By Prof. Drummond. 2nd ed. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
2. Mad Sir Uchtred. By S. R. Crockett. 1s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)
3. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
4. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians (Expositor's Bible). By Jas. Denney, B.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
5. The Message of Israel. By Julia Wedgwood. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
6. Mountain, Moor, and Loch. Illustrated Handbook to the West Highland Railway. 2s.

ABERDEEN.

1. Mountain, Moor, and Loch. A Guide to the West Highland Railway. Illustrated. 2s.
2. Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills. By S. R. Crockett. 1s. 6d.
3. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
4. Count Robert of Paris. Border Edition of Waverley. 2 vols. 12s.
5. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cheap edition, 6s.
6. The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

DUBLIN.

1. A Practical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. F. J. Knecht. 2 vols. 9s. net. (Herder, Freiburgh, Germany.)
2. Distinguished Irishmen of the 16th Century. Rev. E. Hogan, S.J. 6s. (Burns & Oates.)
3. Spiritual Retreats. Rev. J. Morris, S.J. 5s. (Art and Book Co., London.)
4. Lourdes. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Charpentier, Paris.)
5. Marigold. By Rosa Mulholland. 1s. (Eason, Ld., Dublin.)
6. Poems of R. D. Williams. 1s. 6d. (Duffy, Dublin.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

Business with America in 1st editions of modern authors is certainly much brisker than it was three months ago.

LONDON, E.C.

The second-hand trade seems to be looking up this month, not quite up to normal condition yet, but a steady progress; good sale of theology and miscellaneous works.

LIVERPOOL (1).

A very slight improvement in trade among the booksellers this month, and business generally is looking up among the general merchants and big wholesale houses, which augurs well for the future.

The literary American does not seem quite so much in evidence as in former years.

LIVERPOOL (2).

The trade here has maintained the improvement reported for last month, although numbers are still holiday making.

High-class scientific works, and the standard novelists, also modern theological works, works on Arctic research, all are in fair demand. We hope good trade will follow passage of American Tariff Bill.

BIRMINGHAM.

Nothing doing in the second-hand book trade; the sale of a few novels and school books just making it worth while to keep open. No first editions wanted. The quietest month of the year.

BATH.

Messrs. Meehan, booksellers of this city, are about to open an Exhibition (the first of its kind in Bath) of old and modern prints, illustrating the history of the city. It will comprise Bath celebrities, their portraits, caricatures, etc., views of old and modern Bath, ancient plans, maps, rare Bath prints and drawings. It is proposed to catalogue the collection—a big work.

YORK.

Trade has been a little brisker here during the present month, especially in the second-hand department.

The business at the "Olde Boke Shop" in Stonegate is about to change hands.

ST. LEONARDS.

Book trade here has improved slightly during the last month. Marcella, The Manxman, Badminton Yachting, Butler's 119th Psalm, and Sanderson's What is the Church? are going well. Fair trade in holiday literature.

DUMFRIES.

The principal books in demand at present are Manxman, by Hall Caine, 6s.; Yellow Aster (Iota), 6s.; Marcella, Mrs. H. Ward, 6s.; Blackmore's Parlycross, 6s.; Crockett's Raiders, 6s.; Crockett's Mad Sir Uchtred, 1s. 6d.; Moore's Esther Waters.

The *furore* about the 3-vol. novel question is a harmless holiday question, but we believe is a crotchet, and the old style will survive the next generation.

LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.

Messrs. T. Hood and Co. have purchased the goodwill of the bookselling business of Hopwood and Co.

BOOKS WANTED.

Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Saxon's Galloway Gossip.
Lever's O'Donoghue, parts 6, 7, 8.
Moorland Rhymes, by R. Wanlock Reid.
The Freers, by Mrs. Alexander.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 and 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Salmon's Oxford.
Hancock's Steam Carriages.
Popham's History of the Pophams.
Alpine Byways, by a Lady.
Noble Atonement, a Supplement to London Journal.
Layton's Instant Reckoner.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Mr. Kinglake and the Quarterlies.
Hugo's (Thomas) Edwy: A Tragedy, 1864.
Hugo's (T.) Works, any.
Webb's Sermons.
Panharmonicon, 4to, 1814.
Somerset: A Poem, 4to, 1811.
Marmor Norfolcieuse.
Moule's English County Maps, coloured, vol. 1, pp. 473-484; vol. 2, pp. 403 to end.
Fairbairn's City of God.
" Christ in Modern Theology.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Bertram: Memories of Books.
Eikon Basiliké.
Drake's Eboracum, 1736.
Parkinson's Legends and Traditions of Yorkshire, first series.
Geikie's Hours with the Bible, vol. 4.
Ward's Methodism in Swaledale.
Life of Stephen Brunskill.
History of Westmoreland, any.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH ST., HEREFORD.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler—A. Bell, etc., London, 1834; A. Bell and Simpkins, London, 1834; Fraser, etc., Edinburgh, 1834; Chidley, London, 1841; S. Johnson, Manchester, 1844; W. Curry, Dublin, 1847; T. Johnson, Liverpool, 1848; J. Johnson, etc., London, etc., 1849; T. Johnson, Manchester, 1849, 1851, 1857; Willey and Putnam, New York, 1859; Ticknor and Fields, Boston, 1866; Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1867; G. Bell and Son, London, 1876 and 1878; Routledge, London, 1878 and 1881; F. Warne, London, 1878; Ward, Lock, London, 1878.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Chas. Swain's Works, any.
Art Magic.
Franco Traité des Hernies, 1564.
Crondace's 4 per cent. Int. Tables.
Cruikshank's Almcks., 1842, 1847, 1852, 1853.
Lucian, trans. by Spence, 1684.
Villon's Poems.
Pellerin on Venereal Maladies, 1750.
Newman's Lives of the Saints, 14 parts.
Fraser's Mag., Dec., 1839.
Lond. and West. Review, April, 1839.
Wharton's Sappho, any ed.
Walton's Angler, all eds. pubd. in 1834, 1841, 1844, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1851, 1857, 1859, 1866, 1867, 1876, 1878.

W. J. CLYMA, TRURO.

Morgan's Agriculture of Cornwall.
Heath's History of Cornwall.
Hedgeland's Church of St. Neot, Cornwall, coloured plates.
Proverbs and Sayings of Cornwall.
Hingeston's Ancient Crosses of Cornwall.
Chester Archæological Journal, parts 3 and 7.
Ask Mamma, part 13.

DOIDGE & CO., PLYMOUTH.

Treasury of David, set, cheap.
Zincography, by J. Brock.
Kemble's Records of Later Life, Bentley.
Heath's Cornwall.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Tacitus Histories, book 1, annotated by Simcox (Rivington).
Strand, January, 1894.
Gentleman in Black, illus. by Cruikshank, 1st ed.
Margery, 3s. 6d. ed.
Practical Sanitation, by Reid.
Picturesque Atlas of Australasia, parts 27, 28 and 29.

ALEX. GARDNER, PAISLEY.

Cassell's Gardening.
Campbell's Dissertation on Miracles.
Davis' History of Mourning.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Morris's County Seats, vols. 5, 6.
Army Lists, 1759, 1762, 1764, 1814.
Hart's Annual Army Lists, 1860, 1880.
Annals of Sporting, vol. 13.
Mears' Epitome of Ortolon's Roman Law.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.
Walt Whitman's Poems.
Pollock's Spinoza.

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.
Hoare's Sanctification.
Middleton's Cat. of Rembrandt's Etchings.
Burke's Peerage, 1893.
Greenwood's Our Land Laws.
Marryat's Novels, green cloth ed., 2s. 6d.
Order and Precedence, with authorities and remarks, 1851, S. Bentley, Shoe Lane.
Bleak House, parts 3, 10, and 12, clean.
Dombey and Son, parts 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.
Collection of part eds. Dickens' Works, sold at Stourbridge about 1885, name written inside Henry Corser.
Ramsay's Memoirs of N. Wales Geog. Survey.
Twedell's Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.
Catalogue of Edmund Gosse's Library.
Leaves from Life in the Highlands, 4to, red cloth, 1868, two copies.
Vindication of Natural Diet, 1813.
Lines on Death of ——, 1816.
Refutation of Deism, 1814, pamphlets.
Folkard, Wildfowler, 1875.
First Book of Urizen, 1794.
Walton and Cotton's Angler—Bell, 1834; Simpkin, 1834; Fraser, 1834; Chidley, 1841; Johnson, 1844; Curry, 1847; Johnson, 1848, 1849-1851, 1857; Willey, 1859; Ticknor, 1866; Willey, 1866; Little, 1867; Bell, 1876; Routledge, 1878; Warne, 1878; Ward, Lock, 1878; Bell, 1878; Routledge, 1881.

C. KLINCKSIECK, 11, RUE DE LILLE, PARIS.
Archæol. Institute, Lincoln Meeting Handbook, 1880.
Archæol. Institute Proceedings: Carlisle, Derby, Salisbury, Norwich, Gloucester.
Canada Directory, 1859, and all following.
Cockburn's Works, 2nd ed., vol. 1.
Colburn's United Service Magazine, 1890-1894.
Cornell's Studies in Classical Philology, 1-4.
Cosson-Burges' Catalogue of Ancient Helmets.
Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia, vol. 5.
Curzon's Travels in Persia.

L. M., c/o HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
The following from Bohn's Library, second-hand, clean:—
Ten Brink's, English Literature, 2 vols.
Emerson's Works, vol. 1.
Hazlitt's Essays on Elizabethan Literature.
Mrs. Jameson's Shakespeare's Heroines.
Cary's Dante.

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Jefferies' Suezcide, and Reporting and Editing.
Symington's Bessie Gordon (a story).
Kingston's Tales for all Ages.
" Paul Gerard.
Chamier (Capt.) Saucy Arethusa.
Black's Monarch of Mincing Lane.

MACMILLAN AND BOWES, CAMBRIDGE.
Bradley's Ethical Studies.
Vernon's Readings in the Purgatory of Dante, 2 vols.
Blackie's Songs of the Germans, 1870.
Crane's Lectures on Art and the Formation of Taste.
Mullinger's Schools of Charles the Great, 1877.
Gwatkin's Studies in Arianism.

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Curse (The) of Minerva (poem), thin 4to, 1812.
Deformed Transformed (poem), 8vo, pamphlet, 1824.
Dickens' Christmas Carol, 1843.
" Works, in original nos. or cloth.
" Pickwick, or Oliver Twist, in nos.
" Any extra illustrations.
Don Juan: Cantos 17, or after.
Early Printing: Books printed prior to 1500.
Eliot (Geo.): Scenes from Clerical Life, 2 vols., cloth, 1858.
Eliot (Geo.): Works, 1st eds., orig. cloth.
English Spy, in original numbers.
"Essays and Reviews" Anticipated, 8vo, pamphlet.
Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique, par Theo. Wagstaffe, thin 4to, 1836.
Fontaine's Contes et Nouvelles, old eds., with plates.
Miss Freer's works, in cloth.

JAS. PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET, OXFORD.
Wilkinson's Egyptians, 2nd series.
Froude's (R. H.) Remains, 4 vols.
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Cyril on S. John, 2 vols. (Lib. of Fathers).
Schaff's Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

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Help's Spanish Conquest, vol. 4, or set.
Buckle's Civilisation, vol. 2, 8vo.
Moore's The Alps in 1864.
Richardson's Pamela, complete edition.

PHILIP, SON & NEPHEW, 45 to 51, S. CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
English Flower Garden, forming vol. 1. of the Garden Cyclopædia, by W. Robinson, 2nd ed., 1889.
Forcis Memoir.
Parnell's War of Succession in Spain.
Life of Clerk Maxwell, unabridged edition.

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" Paradise Lost, 1667, 4to.
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Homer's Odyssey, 1488, imperfect might do.

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Lecky's Historical Works.
Books on Birds and their Eggs.

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Synesius of Cyrene, by Gardner.
Photogram, April, 1894.
Spectator, vol. 1, 8vo, 1797.
Nicholas Nickleby, vol. 1, Library ed., green cloth, 8vo, 1858.

HENRY WALKER, LEEDS.
Nature, vol. 2, parts or cloth.
Dugdale's Dissertation of Yorks. Surtees Soc.
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The Good Shunamite, illum. by G. Pritchard.
Matthew Henry's Commentary, pt. 82 (Cassells.)
Macaulay's England, Cab. ed., vol. 8.
Pope's Compendium Theology, vol. 3.
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Life of Henry the Eighth.

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Natural History, vol. 1, in Knight's English Cyclopædia, 1853.
Burns' Works in 8 vols, 12mo, cloth, want vols. 2 and 4, pubs., Cochrane and Co., London, 1834.
War in Afghanistan, by John Wm. Kaye; vol. 1, 8vo, 1851, Bentley.

WHITTAKER & WILLIAMS, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.
Home Notes, vol. 1.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS.
Photographic Quarterly, vol. 1.
Chemical Trades Journal, vol. 11. (Manchester).
Health, vols. 3 and 17.
Nation, Sept. 14th and Dec. 28th, 1893.
Leather Trades Circular, Sept.-Nov., 1891.
Baily's Magazine, January, 1893.
Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, vol. 1 and part 20.
Tonic Sol-fa Reporter, vols. 29-36.
Ibis, vols. 1, 2, 3 (5th series).
Sanitary Record, August-September, 1891.
Invention, July 29th, 1893.
Zoological Record, 1889-90.

WOODLAND & CO., 68, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON.
Boethius de Musica, edited by O. Paul, 1883.
Coussemaker, Musical Works by.
Gerbert's Scriptores Ecclesiastici.
Martini's Storia della Musica, 3 vols.
Morley's Plain Introduction to Music.
Musical Times, vols. 30, 31, publishers' covers.

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Episodes of Fiction, small 4to, 1870.
Ancient and Modern Universal History, 8vo, calf, 67 vols., illustrated.
Washington Irving's Works, 14 vols., cr. 8vo, calf, New York, 1850.
Life of William Wilberforce, 5 vols., 8vo, cloth, 1838.